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## MISS CROESUS.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE COOK

SYNOPSIS.

[Luke Croesus, a Texas gold-hunter, in company with one Sheppard, discovers a letter in Spanish which tells of a hidden gold mine of immense value. Accompanied by his daughters, Jeanne and Rosie, Croesus sets out for Arizona to find the mine. A Spaniard, Don Ortego, sees the letter which reveals the secret, but is unable to secure possession of it. The Apaches are on the warpath, and "Mad" Raymond, a young American, follows the party to warn them. He is pursued by the Indians.]

### CHAPTER III.

### JEANNE'S GREAT SORROW.

As Ned Raymond surmounts a low elevation of ground that angles across the mesa, he sees before him a small hill with rocky, precipitous sides.

On the crest of the hill, the beams of the rising sun are caught in the folds of a canvas-topped wagon.

"Thank God!" mutters Need; "that wagon surely belongs to Luke Croesus!"

It is evident that the wagon has been drawn to the top of the hill, and placed in its present position with a view to defense. In spite of his perilous predicament, Ned has [illegible] admirably carried out.

Stones have been heaped up behind the wagon in the form of rude breastworks, commanding two sides of the hill whose slopes, being more gradual, might afford an enemy means of gaining the summit. The horses have been unhitched and screened within the primitive fort, but no trace of human beings can Raymond see.

His survey of the hill is cut abruptly short by the sharp detonation of a rifle, and the whistle of a bullet cleaving the air uncomfortably close to his head.

Raymond turns in his saddle and discovers that there are at least a dozen gaudily painted warriors in pursuit of him, but only two of these are on horseback. It is from one of the mounted Apaches that the shot has come, for these two, of course, are far ahead in the lead of their companions, and are rapidly overtaking the fugitive.

Ned sees, at a glance, that the horses ridden by the two Indians are fresher than the animal that has borne him so faithfully, and his eye swiftly measures the distance between himself and the intrenched wagon on the hill. He is perfectly cool, and he calculates his chances with mathematical exactness. He knows he will be overtaken before he covers a third of the distance before him. A stern glitter comes into his eyes as he lifts his Winchester to his shoulder and half-turns in his saddle.

Before he can press the trigger, however, a puff of white vapor rises from the wagon on the hill and a dull report breaks on Raymond's ear. Instantly the foremost horse of the pursuers drops to its knees, unseating its rider. The animal is badly wounded, and at once there is a strange bit of play enacted that is destined to puzzle Raymond for months to come. The dismounted redskin spring nimbly to his feet, runs to his companion, who has partially halted, and exchanges a few hurried words with him. The second savage drops to the ground, and the first one jumps into his seat on the horse's back and breaks madly in Raymond's direction, paying no heed to the rifle that has fallen in the rapid exchange of places. Raymond has but one enemy to deal with, instead of two, for the rest of his foes are far in the rear.

He halts his horse, turns squarely around, and once more lifts his gun to his shoulder. The oncoming Indian feels for his rifle and Raymond can plainly see the anger and chagrin in his eyes on discovering the loss of the weapon. But the Apache does not stop; he simply crouches low along his horse's neck and rides recklessly on.

Raymond's glittering eye travels swiftly along the barrel of his Winchester, his finger flexes upon the trigger, and he knows at once, by the report, that he is the victim of treachery. The rifle is charged with blank cartridges. In after times he wonders if a knowledge of the usefulness of his weapon can be the secret of that Indian's wild charge. Raymond has no time to reflect upon the manner in which his rifle might have been tampered with, but rapidly "pumps" another cartridge into the barrel, and once more presses the trigger. The result is the same as before. By this time the Indian is upon him

"Los manos arriba!" growls the savage, in very poor Spanish, and Raymond feels that there is a familiar undertone to that voice, disguised though it certainly is.

The Apache clutches a revolver, and Ray-[illegible] clubbed rifle. Quick as a flash the revolver is knocked from the Indian's grasp, Raymond's Winchester flying out of his hands from the very force of the blow he has delivered. Unarmed, almost stirrup to stirrup, the two men sit on their horses, glaring into each other's eyes.

At that instant Raymond becomes aware of a strange fact, and that is that his antagonist, although bedecked with feathers and fiercely painted, is really no Indian at all. He is evidently a Mexican renegade, disguised as an Apache as a cover for his nefarious work with the red fiends.

Raymond's anger rises within him. For such a man he has nothing but contempt and the fiercest hate. He digs the spurs into his horse's flanks and, at a leap, is placed within arm's length of his enemy. Quickly leaning forward, he lands a stunning blow squarely on the Mexican's temples. The man reels in his saddle, silent and still, with the warm blood flowing over his face in a trickling stream, and washing the somber pigment from the white skin.

Raymond is conscious of a severe pain in the hand that delivered the blow, and he discovers that it is caused by the ring which he obtained at the house of old Juan, in Santa Fe, and which has been brought in contact with his enemy's skull, undoubtedly inflicting the wound which let the blood.

At this juncture there comes a shout from the direction of the wagon, and Raymond sees Luke Croesus mounted on one of the wheels, wildly gesticulating. The old prospector's warning is timely, for the fleet-footed redskins who were left in the rear have almost reached the scene of the brief battle.

Whirling his horse, Raymond once more spurs on toward the hill. He reaches it and, as he climbs upward toward the entrenchment, a second bullet whistles past his head and there comes the wild, agonised cry of a woman from behind the rocks.

Raymond's heart almost stands still; his breathing is hard and labored as he wonders if the bullet intended for him has made a victim of Jeanne Croesus. As this thought plunges through his brain, he hears an angry yell above him, and Luke Croesus, with his hat off and his gray hair flying in the wind, leaps to the top of the stone barricade, rifle in hand.

"Death!" he yells, his eye blazing with a thirst for blood, "death to the infernal whelps! I see who did it, an', by heaven, I'll dig out his black heart!"

"Father, father!" calls a voice; "in God's name, come back!"

"I'll have him, girl," shouts Croesus, madly, "if I have ter wade through fire an' brimstone to get him!"

Croesus leaps to the ground and starts at a run down the hill.

"Stop!" cries Raymond, jumping frim his horse and throwing himself in front of the frenzied prospector.

"Stand aside, whoever you are," commands Croesus, "or I'll kill you! It's revenge I want, an', by the God that made us, I'll have it!"

Raymond deftly catches the gun out of the old man's hand; with a snarl of rage the prospector is preparing to spring upon him in a fury, when Jeanne, her golden head bared in the sun, starts up behind the barricade of stones.

"Father," she cries, "will you desert me now? Will you sacrifice me as well as Rosie? Come back! The Indians are climbing the hill on the other side."

With a hoarse groan, Luke Croesus turns back and leaps the wall, closely followed by Raymond, who leads his horse in through a breach at the end of the wagon and secures it with the others.

Leaning against the wagon are two rifles. Raymond seizes one of them and quickly crosses the open space within the little fort, in order that he may place himself alongside the old prospector.

On his way he passes Jeanne. She is crouching on a rock, pressing to her breast the form of little Rosie. As he goes by, she gives him a look he cannot forget if he lives a thousand years.

"Who are ye, pilgrim?" queries Croesus, who is watching with an eagle eye the approach of the redskins.

"My name is Raymond," replies Ned, as he discharges his rifle and laughs grimly as one of the Apaches flattens out, stiff and inert, along the ground. He thinks of the [illegible] of Rosie, and his heart grows rapidly merciless.

"Thar's good stuff in you, an' you stopped me from makin' a cussed fool of myself. What 're ye doin' here?"

"I left Santa Fe last night, at midnight, to overtake you, if possible, and turn you back."

"To turn us back? What the—— Why, pilgrim, I never seen you before."

"That may be, but I could not bear to think that you were taking your two daughters into such danger——"

Raymond is interrupted by a heavy groan as Croesus draws his hand across his eye.

"Pore little Rosie!" he murmurs; then, dropping on his knee, he pokes the muzzle of his gun out through the rocks and a sharp "sping" follows the action. "That's number two," he gloats, as another of the Indians leaps into the air and falls to the ground face downward. "I seen the fellow that done it!"

"That did what?" queries Raymond.

"Fired the shot that struck Rosie."

"Which one was it?"

"The one you knocked off the horse."

"Luke Croesus," asks Ned, solemnly, "is that a God's truth?"

"As heaven hears me!"

Jeanne Croesus hears these words. And why is Raymond so careful to have Luke Croesus so sure of the man? In the light of after events, when the actors in this tragedy are to see how every incident has conspired to unmask the guilty, the question of Raymond and the answer of Croesus will be looked upon as inspired by Him who has said: "Vengeance is mine; I will repay."

"The man that I struggled with had no rifle," says Raymond.

"The red devil that Jeanne dismounted—"

"Did Miss Croesus shoot that horse?"

"So she did, Raymond! Well, that chap ran up to the fellow you knocked over, grabbed a gun out of his hand and shot at you an' succeeded, God knows how! in woundin' Rosie. Lord, stranger, but my blood is b'ilin'! Whar is that redskin? Do you see him?"

"No."

The Indians, after firing a few shots that whistled harmlessly above the heads of those in the fort, retreat to the base of the hill.

Raymond, in passing to the other side of the inclosure, pauses beside Jeanne.

"Will you not let me see how badly the little one is wounded, Miss Croesus?" he asks, gently.

Jeanne lowers her arms and allows him to gaze on the fair face of her sister. The flaxen hair is bound back with a blood-stained kerchief. The brown eyes are closed and the child is either dead or unconscious.

Raymond bends his ear to Rosie's bosom and listens; then he takes her small, delicate wrist in his hand. He is not mistaken—the pulse is beating, but faintly.

"There is hope," he says, huskily, in response to Jeanne's appealing look.

"She is not dead?" whispers Jeanne, an undercurrent of hope throbbing in her voice.

"No, not dead. Have you any brandy?"

"Yes; I will get it."

She gives her charge into Raymond's arms, and he handles the child as gently as Jeanne herself.

In a few moments Jeanne comes back, and together they work over the unconscious little one, but without avail. But still they work on, hoping against hope.

"You braved the perils of a midnight ride from Santa Fe to catch up with us and turn us back?" asks Jeanne, quietly.

"I heard of Victorio's outbreak and sought to warn you. Heaven alone knows how deeply I regret coming so late!"

"You ran this grave risk for those who were strangers to you?" she persists, her eyes fastened on the pale, sweet face of her sister.

"You forget," he begins, "I had met you at Mr. Dotson's rancho, and——"

Then he pauses, for he cannot imagine that Jeanne will understand the full effect that brief meeting with her has had upon him.

"Ah," says Jeanne, "your naturally brave heart impelled you to this act of courage and kindness. The lips may be quick to acknowledge such things, but the heart is slow to forget them." She turns her eyes to his with a glance that thrills him to the soul. "In order to be of service to us you [illegible]," she adds.

"If I can lend the slightest service to this little one—or to you," he returns, "I would take no account of the danger."

And this man, according to the Don, is a smuggler, a horse-thief and a murderer! Jeanne notes his gentleness as he chafes her sister's little brown hands and smooths back the flaxen hair, and her heart cries out against the Don and his hard words.

"And all this," remarks Jeanne, wearily, "has come about through our thirst for gold! Dear little Rosie! Mr. Raymond, no one can know how my heart is bound up in her and there is something that tells me our efforts are useless. Go to my father—help him! I am sure that all is hopeless here!"

Again she clasps the child to her bosom and tears rise thick and fast to her eyes as she bows her head to hide her grief.

Raymond returns to the side of Croesus. The Indians are grouped together, evidently holding a consultation, some distance off over the plain.

"How is she?" asks Croesus, jerking his head backward in the direction of Jeanne and Rosie. "Is it all over?"

"No; go to them for a few moments, if you like," answers Raymond. "I will remain on guard."

Croesus walks over to his two daughters. In a few moments he comes back, with anger and sorrow strangely blended in his weather-beaten face.

"Thar's no hope for her, Raymond. My cursed luck is bound to follow me right up to the discovery of the biggest and richest leads that ever slid through country-rock." He gives a low laugh, heartless and bitter. "I reckon the whole lot of us will be done up by the Apaches."

"No," replies Raymond. "Your position here is invulnerable."

"Jeanne picked it out," says Croesus, with something of pride in his voice. "We saw a couple of Apaches yesterday afternoon, circlin' 'round us an' actin' kind of queer and they roused Jeanne's suspicions. We came into camp down on the flat thar, but along 'bout 9 o'clock Jeanne says to me that she didn't like the looks of things, an' that we'd better move. I laughed at her, but she carried her p'int, as she allers does, an' we come up here an' worked all night like beavers pilin' up them rocks. I couldn't see, till mornin', what a bang-up place it was for a fort, but Jeanne had it all figgered out last night. You think it's pretty safe here, eh?"

"Yes; one man, with a repeater, could hold off a score of Apaches."

"In daylight, yes; but when night comes, an' the red devils can work under cover of darkness, the case is mighty different."

Raymond makes no answer to this, for, in his heart, he knows that Croesus speaks the truth.

"What are all the sojers doin' back thar at Santa Fe?" queries Croesus. "What's the gov'ment payin' 'em for if it ain't to save people's lives in times like this?"

"Every soldier that can be spared is out after Indians. We may, or we may not, receive help from that source."

"Well," mutters the old man, "help's got to come before night if it does any good."

Raymond grows silent and thoughtful. He knows that Croesus is right, and he is formulating a plan whereby he hopes to be able to save Jeanne and her father, and perhaps little Rosie.

At the end of a quarter of an hour his plan is completed and he approaches Jeanne to lay it before her.

### CHAPTER IV.

### RAYMOND'S BOLD PLAN.

Jeanne still sits where Raymond had left her, a short time before, with her little sister folded in her arms. As he comes to her side, she looks up. Her eyes are dry, and there is a hard, bitter look in them which Raymond does not like to see.

"There is no change in her?" he queries, gently, taking one of Rosie's limp hands in his.

"No change." The voice is mechanical, and it seems as though the music has died out of it for all time. "I fear," goes on

(Continued on second page.)

Quickly leaning forward he lands a stunning blow squarely on the Mexican's temples.

## THE RAJAH'S TIGER.

### Matthew Quin's Escape From the Menagerie of Jewan Kahn.

BY WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.

It was a fiery, blazing, relentless day in Cochin, far down in the southwest corner of India. It was almost hot enough to dry up the marrow in the protuberant bones of the natives—to have cooked eggs in the simmering yellow sands of the coast strip that fringed the town. Out on the Arabian sea the sails of the shipping hung motionless, and the sun was melting the paint off the funnels of the few steamers that lay at anchorage. The native population were weather proof, and they lolled about the streets much as usual. But the foreign inhabitants, with one exception, could not have been found by the aid of a telescope.

That exception was Matthew Quin. Arrayed in white line and a sola-topee, the bronzed little man sat outside of a so-called cafe in the European quarter. The door and windows behind him were darkened, and, squatting servants constantly splashed water on the screens of rice matting; inside the drowsy punkawallahs jerked the fan strings. But Quin looked serene, cool, and comfortable as he pulled at his short pipe and eyed the dusty road. An awning stretched over his head, and on the bamboo table at his elbow rested a glass that oozed icy dew. His business in Cochin was finished as well as he could have wished; he had just shipped three fine elephants to London by a steamship of the Clan line, and on the morrow he proposed going up coast to Beypoor, there to take rail across country to Madras.

Toward evening and supper time, when the frizzled heat had begun to moderate a little, a shadow stalked swiftly to the awning and faded away as its owner approached. A thinly clad Englishman, big, bearded, and perspiring, dropped into a seat at one side of the table. He nodded familiarly to Quin, shouting for an iced drink, and lit a cheroot.

"Here again, are you?" he said, genially.

"Here again, Fanshawe," the little man replied. "I thought you were off on leave?"

"I was—just got back. Beastly warm, isn't it? Wish I'd stayed in the hills."

The drink arriving, Captain Fanshawe took a copious draft of it. He was a thoroughly good fellow—too good to be stowed away on her majesty's service at the dull and wearisome cantonments adjacent to Cochin. He had known Quin for some years and the two had met strangely at divers places. They smoked and chatted for a while, and, as Quin was comparatively fresh from England, his companion plied him with questions.

"I've been doing some hunting down in Travancore," the captain said, after a pause. "Did pretty well—bagged two tigers and a leopard. I'd go dotty if it wasn't for that sort of thing. By the by, I've got a piece of news that's right in your line, I fancy. I was dined and wined by the Rajah of Travancore, Jewah Khan, a splendid chap as niggers go, and he tells me he wants to sell his menagerie."

"Yes," said Quin. "I've heard of it. Rather a fine lot, I believe?"

"A regular Zoo," replied the captain. "By Jove! man, I wouldn't be afraid to bet that the collection represents the natural history of India. I don't blame the rajah for wanting to get rid of them, after hearing the row the brutes keep up day and night."

Only the queer sparkle of Quin's eyes showed how deeply he was interested.

"Is that his reason for selling?" he asked, quietly.

"Partly," said Fanshawe; "and partly because the creatures have the devil's own temper, and he's afraid some of them will break loose."

"Are you certain he is willing to sell?"

"He was in that mood four days ago; I believe he would have taken a mere song for the lot. And he didn't strike me as a fickle-minded sort of chap."

"I believe his place is up in the hills?"

"Yes; near the foot of the Cardamum mountains. That's his hot-weather palace, where he keeps the menagerie and lives in half-barbaric state. It's hard to reach, and an Englishman can't go there to visit him without an invitation and a permit."

"I know that," Quin said, thoughtfully.

For half an hour longer, and by adroit questioning, he drew from Captain Fanshawe all the particulars of his visit to the Rajah of Travancore and of the latter's collection of wild beasts. Then the cool air of the evening brought other Englishmen to take refreshment outside the cafe, and presently Quin slipped quietly away.

The sequence of the interview—the prompt decision and action that followed—were characteristic of the little man. He abandoned his trip to Madras, and early the next morning he cabled a brief message to his employers in London, Karl Hamrach & Co. An hour later he left Cochin with four of his native assistants, despite the intense heat, and by evening he was quartered in a jungle village well over the borders of the state of Travancore. Before he turned in for the night he had dispatched a letter to Rajah Jewan Kahn, and he hoped that the bearer would bring a favorable answer back within three days at most. Long experience had taught him the value of haste in his line of business—the risk of delay; and, as it was, he feared that someone else might be first on the ground. He knew that Moss & Crawley, a rival firm of Liverpool and New York, had an agent in India at the time.

It was not a pleasant place to spend the interval of waiting, but Quin made the best of it. On the afternoon of the third day the messenger returned and with him came four coolies and a palki. They brough a letter from the Rajah, inviting the Englishman to be his guest, and informing him politely and firmly that he must come alone. Quin sent his own men back to Cochin, and early the following morning he started off, borne in the palki on the shoulders of the coolies.

It was a long journey, through wild and rugged country, entailing one night in the jungle. Toward evening of the next day he reached the stockade that inclosed the Rajah's summer palace, and, leaving the palki, he passed through the gate, escorted by two fierce-looking Hindoos who had been deputed to meet him. The grounds, on a gentle slope at the base of the Cardamum mountains, were extensive and finely laid out with trees and shrubbery. On a ridge in the distance loomed the palace—a rambling and pretentious structure of reddish stone, with tiers of shaded balconies, and innumerable minarets glittering in the light of the sinking sun.

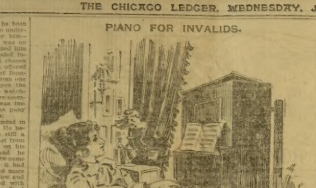
When about half-way up the slope a single piercing scream rang from close on the right of the path. Quin was through the intervening thicket like a flash, and within six feet of him, standing in a grassy glade, he saw a native woman—a girl, rather, for she could not have been more than 18. She was richly dressed and on her bare arms and ankles were a profusion of bangles. Her face was remarkably beautiful, though now it wore a look of frozen horror—of dazed and helpless enchantment. For close to her feet, between her and the Englishman, a huge cobra was reared above the grass; the hood of the venomous reptile was distended angrily, and sparkled like a thousand jewels.

The girl was charmed, incapable of sound or movement; she stood waiting for the darting fangs to sink into her flesh, and that was on the point of happening now. Quin saw that there was not a second to lose. His revolver was in his hand, but the position of the girl forbade shooting. He reversed the weapon, and, making a quick stride nearer, fearless for himself, he struck unerringly. Its head crushed by the heavy metaled stick, the cobra dropped bleeding and writhing into the grass.

The scene that followed was embarrassing to Quin; he was indifferent to female beauty, and had but a poor opinion of the sex. Before he could withdraw, the girl threw herself at his feet, weeping hysterically. She kissed his hands, called him

"Back, Mogul, back?" she cried, in a loud imperitive voice.

## PIANO FOR INVALIDS.



To shadden the weary hours of the invalid a Paris genius has hit upon the idea of placing a piano over a bed so that the patient may amuse himself without effort or inconvenience. The idea is simple, and no doubt will be generally utilized.

## MISS CROESUS.

[Continued from first page.]

Joanna, "that there never will be any more Indian outbreaks, and that the Indians will grow civilized in death, like Americans, that there are moments when our trust in God is shaken down to the very foundations of the soul."

Jeanne was silent. His heart is full of pity for the bountiful, great-natured girl, and he knows not what there is to say that will lighten her sorrow.

"Miss Croesus," he says, presently, "this is not the first time you have prayed for me. I remember, every Sunday since I have been here, you have prayed for me. You have placed yourself in this part the father of the church, and asked God to forgive you for the hours service is to confess your sins, and to pray for pardon for the whole congregation.

"For the present," answers Raymond, "I am not in the mood, Joanna, to think of forgiveness. I am thinking of the best way of securing an advantageous a position as I can. I am thinking of the best means of escaping the fate which has fallen upon the Indians. I do not think they will be exterminated, but I do think they will die. The Apache kills only when he can do so with impunity. He is a coward. He is a thief, a cattle stealer, and a murderer in darkness, they can make an assault at noonday."

"Then," says Joanna, "when night comes we will make full use of the darkness to escape."

Raymond shakes his head.

"Ah," he says, "the girl—perhaps you would have me leave her behind? My heart is not made of such stuff. I would not for a moment favor the attack of the Indians; it would be a cowardly thing to leave a helpless girl to my father's ruin. This outfit, with its wagons and horses, is a godsend to us. Here we have in the world, and to abandon it—"

Joanna looks at him with a face as white as alabaster at Santa Fe."

"Then you would stay here, as he has to her father, that it is useless to expect help from Santa Fe?"

"Yes, and from other source may we look for succor."

"Then," says Joanna, "I will remain with the fort that the New Mexico and Arizona Railroad is grading ground eastward from Lamy?"

"Yes."

"The graders must be now in the vicinity of the Apache reservation, and it is to be hoped that Victorio will be held enough in check by the troops that are in the adjacent country barracks, and I do not believe that he will dare to attack a railroad construction camp."

"Very undoubtedly could send a force of men to the rescue," says Joanna, "but I do not think they'll know of our danger."

"Why not?"

"I will tell you quickly. He meets her accustomed ease with his calm, dark eyes full of admiration, and his face of gravity and determination.

"I am willing to risk the sacrifice of your property, as it is a true time, as she turns her face away.

"Miss Croesus," he says, in his grave, sweet voice, and he feels as though he could die for her, "I am willing to risk all, and declare to her his readiness to die in her defense, if it is the will of God that we should. On the contrary, he seeks to conceal from her the fact that he is willing to sacrifice himself for her.

"My life will not be sacrificed. Miss Croesus, I am willing to risk it, but I am willing to you that I can gain the camp of the railroad builders and return with help before sunset."

"You will away from this place you must run the gauntlet of our foes. You will be killed."

"I will not be killed. The Indians are unmounted."

"Then," reflects Jeanne: "they have but one horse now, and I cannot understand, Mr. Raymond, how you can escape if you are on foot, and the Indians are mounted."

"I will explain. I will take your horse, and ride to the camp of the railroad builders, who are generally on pay days well supplied with ammunition. There will be no danger, both to overshadow the cycle in which I am to be, and the exploding sensation of homesick ever preach. The Indians will not dare to attack the camp of the railroad men, and I will return and leave the bundle to a railroad degree and the Indians will be driven off. I will be back before sunset, before the bundle will be in serious—most serious. She should have no fear of my safety.

"But when can realized all he accomplished by his words, and the tears rush to her flesh. He and by the time you could bring help from Santa Fe, my father would be dead, and you would be left alone in the world."

"Not that I is necessary to go to Santa Fe to find a physician. There must be one at the railroad's camp."

"Do you think so?" she asks, a faint, hopeless hopelessness. "From what place do you suppose—"

"I suppose," says Raymond, "from what place we came—from the Rio Grande. Perhaps from Albuquerque. We're closing in on the railroad, and there will be a physician with every camp."

"Then," says Joanna, "I will go with you. I will not remain here alone. I will go with you."

"Miss Croesus," says Raymond, "you must not think of it. Your father is dying, and you must remain with him. Your place is by his side. I will go alone."

"I will not," says Raymond, "allow you to go alone from here!"

"Then," says Joanna, "I will go with you."

"Have you a desire there?"

The man rising beside the speaker rising his coat of many colors—Raymond's hat, and speaks up on this moment.

"Which, sir," says the physician, "I know a little of medicine. In what way can I serve you?"

Raymond turns to him scarcely and explains what he wants.

"I will go with you," says the physician. The arrangements taken them from Raymond, and he goes to the side of the sick, white sand, her head on his knee. A moment later he is on his feet.

"I can do nothing for the little one," he says.

"My God," returns Raymond, "you don't mean that she is dead?"

"No, sir," answers the doctor.

Raymond goes dizzy in his saddle. Strong as he is, the shock of the last few past fifteen hours has been wearing, and he feels that the little one's death would have been more.

"Then," he says, "the man who spoke first, hindering Raymond's flow of words, is dead?" The doctor gives a swallow of his fiery contents. It gives him fresh strength, and he tells his story, making it as brief as possible. He says that if they will go with him to save Jeanne and her father, he believes that an outrageously large from every hooky thread rings a short of the Indians.

Rosie's sight is filled up to Rosie's need, for he will let us one carry the dead child for the other. Then they come back to the old trail to commenced. Raymond finds that the best thing for the little is to dash Jeanne Croesus' last hope by placing Rosie's dead body in her arms.

(To be continued next week.)

### WE SHALL FORGET.

BY J. E. TAYLOR.

After it all is past,
Sorrow and pain,
We shall find peace at last,
Joy all complete.
In thy broad bosom blest,
Thou Mother Earth,
Thou in Nirvana's rest—
We shall forget.

Naught of the wasted years
Shall then remain,
Naught of the hopes and fears
Finds not the bane.
Naught of the ache we feel,
Laughit and woe,
Naught of the joy we steal—
We shall forget.

With this old earth we ache left,
Fire is dimmed,
Pain of the heart is left,
Matter is shamed.
Then, in the world of light,
Hope's star we set
When we are stark and stiff,
We shall forget.

## DAN FORBES' PREDICAMENT.

"A Jack's property lies in the ear of him who hears it."—Lover Lake Lore.

"Well, good-by. Don't get into a scrape, I have not the slightest doubt, to Emma Winterton.

"Tom, but will she allow herself to be chosen?" asks Jack.

"Why, of course she will," answers Tom, confidently, and if you break your heart the day after the wedding remember I warned you in due season. If I hear of you in Jack's rooms I'll have you put in the dock."

The speakers shook hands. He found a place in the table, and he made her way through the crowded carriages to the front of the train, where she found a seat by the window, and began to read Tom's letter.

"Dear Jack," it began, "I am off to Paris, and I have not time to write you a long letter, but I must tell you that I have been successful in securing an advantageous a position as I can. I am thinking of the best means of escaping the fate which has fallen upon the Indians. I do not think they will be exterminated, but I do think they will die. The Apache kills only when he can do so with impunity. He is a coward. He is a thief, a cattle stealer, and a murderer in darkness, they can make an assault at noonday."

"Then," says Jeanne, "when night comes we will make full use of the darkness to escape."

Raymond shakes his head.

"Ah," she says, "the girl—perhaps you would have me leave her behind? My heart is not made of such stuff. I would not for a moment favor the attack of the Indians; it would be a cowardly thing to leave a helpless girl to my father's ruin. This outfit, with its wagons and horses, is a godsend to us. Here we have in the world, and to abandon it—"

Joanna looks at him with a face as white as alabaster at Santa Fe."

"Then you would stay here, as he has to her father, that it is useless to expect help from Santa Fe?"

"Yes, and from other source may we look for succor."

"Then," says Joanna, "I will remain with the fort that the New Mexico and Arizona Railroad is grading ground eastward from Lamy?"

"Yes."

"The graders must be now in the vicinity of the Apache reservation, and it is to be hoped that Victorio will be held enough in check by the troops that are in the adjacent country barracks, and I do not believe that he will dare to attack a railroad construction camp."

"Very undoubtedly could send a force of men to the rescue," says Joanna, "but I do not think they'll know of our danger."

"Why not?"

"I will tell you quickly. He meets her accustomed ease with his calm, dark eyes full of admiration, and his face of gravity and determination.

"I am willing to risk the sacrifice of your property, as it is a true time, as she turns her face away.

"Miss Croesus," he says, in his grave, sweet voice, and he feels as though he could die for her, "I am willing to risk all, and declare to her his readiness to die in her defense, if it is the will of God that we should. On the contrary, he seeks to conceal from her the fact that he is willing to sacrifice himself for her.

"My life will not be sacrificed. Miss Croesus, I am willing to risk it, but I am willing to you that I can gain the camp of the railroad builders and return with help before sunset."

"You will away from this place you must run the gauntlet of our foes. You will be killed."

"I will not be killed. The Indians are unmounted."

"Then," reflects Jeanne: "they have but one horse now, and I cannot understand, Mr. Raymond, how you can escape if you are on foot, and the Indians are mounted."

"I will explain. I will take your horse, and ride to the camp of the railroad builders, who are generally on pay days well supplied with ammunition. There will be no danger, both to overshadow the cycle in which I am to be, and the exploding sensation of homesick ever preach. The Indians will not dare to attack the camp of the railroad men, and I will return and leave the bundle to a railroad degree and the Indians will be driven off. I will be back before sunset, before the bundle will be in serious—most serious. She should have no fear of my safety.

"But when can realized all he accomplished by his words, and the tears rush to her flesh. He and by the time you could bring help from Santa Fe, my father would be dead, and you would be left alone in the world."

"Not that I is necessary to go to Santa Fe to find a physician. There must be one at the railroad's camp."

"Do you think so?" she asks, a faint, hopeless hopelessness. "From what place do you suppose—"

"I suppose," says Raymond, "from what place we came—from the Rio Grande. Perhaps from Albuquerque. We're closing in on the railroad, and there will be a physician with every camp."

"Then," says Jeanne

## BLUE IN HIGH FAVOR.

### Purely American Styles May Come as a Result of Existing Coldness Towards France.

The affairs of fashion, always in a state of change, unfold like the flowers as the season advances, and we hardly become accustomed to one style before another equally pretty is brought out to tempt our fancy; but within certain limits it is easy to determine what will and what will not be worn for at least two or three months to come.

Fashion purely American, without so much as Parisian approval, may be the next step in the sartorial department, should American women decline to invest in French products and completely boycott all French materials. But it is safe to predict that in any event our dressmakers will do themselves credit, and American women will be just as charmingly dressed as before. Dress rarely, if ever, has been prettier or more becoming than it is this season, as the outlines are graceful and readily adjusted to suit every figure.

That blue is the dominant note of color goes without saying, for it is blue, blue everywhere, and every shade between deepest, darkest navy and palest lavender is called blue. Mauve and gray are a close second, and some of the fashionable combinations of color are blue and green, red and mauve with a little touch of yellow, and light blue and black with any and every other shade in the list. From fashion's standpoint you can hardly go wrong in the contrasts you employ in either gowns or hats or the amount of trimming you apply.

Bodices are so covered with decoration of various sorts that the original material is visible only in spots. Pretty blouses are decorated all over with applications of black or cream lace, trellis designs of ribbon or ruches of chiffon, and the very smartest bodices of all are those which are finely tucked. Yokes extending out over the sleeves epaulet fashion, but in reality forming the top of the sleeves and made of plaited frills of narrow ribbon, are one of the latest fancies. The frills encircle the shoulders and plaid and plain ribbon are both employed, as are frills of narrow lace sewn on a narrow insertion and put around the yoke in the same way. This is a pretty style for taffeta foulard silks and thin wool materials like fleurs delaine, which has the appearance of crepe de chine. Yokes of some form and device are an almost universal feature of dress. Certainly the gown without a yoke is the exception, and revers are almost if not quite as popular. They are cut in every conceivable shape, turning back from a vest either above or below the bust. Small revers fold down on either side from a yoke, and a bodice which combines the yoke, vest, and revers in its construction is not unusual.

Decidedly the most novel feature of fashionable dress just at present is the black satin or silk coat to wear with any kind of skirt. It may be a plain tailor-made affair with plain or fancy revers, or a dressy little garment covered with corded tucks set in at intervals and sometimes cut bolero fashion in the back, with round or square tabs in the front. Other corded coats are cut in the regulation manner, with a short basque rounding from the front or in battlement squares, with rivers of corded satin. Wide collars of cream white pique, trimmed with an insertion of heavy lace, are another feature of the satin coat, which, by the way, is not always black. One of the most stylish costumes imported this season was a fawn cloth skirt with satin coat matching it in color and finish around the edge with a band of cloth nearly two inches wide, faced upon the outside and scalloped on the upper edge, where it was finished with a milliner's fold of satin, occasionally tied in a hard knot, giving a very novel effect. Another fashionable combination is a blue and white checked wool skirt with a blue satin coat, prettily corded all over and completed with a wide collar of cream pique.

The taffeta silk coat, with a loose front and fitted back, held in place by a belt, which passes through the seam under the arm is another variation of this new fashion which will doubtless blossom out later on among the ultra fashionable women. The taffeta coat is unlined, which makes it less expensive and more suitable, perhaps, than the satin to wear with pique and linen skirts. The checked wool gowns, supplemented with a satin coat, usually have a bodice to match the skirt. A novel feature of one in blue and white is a yoke of white pique striped with lace insertion, and finished with stitched bands of blue satin, which also trim the skirt and form the belt.

At the moment there is a fancy for trimming gowns with velvet ribbon which matches the color of the material, while the principal contrast is the yoke of tucked white satin so much in favor for all kinds of gowns. A pretty gray nun's veiling having the satin yoke and collar band is trimmed across the front of the bodice with rows of dots arranged in points, embroidered with yellow silk. Between the rows of dots there is a frill of narrow white satin ribbon.

A pretty idea for a yoke is a blue silk bodice is alternate bands of pale blue velvet and cream lace insertion, and in a narrow, round yoke extending down the front to form a vest it is very effective. Yokes of black dotted net over white silk are used with colored foulards, patterned with black, and ruffles of the silk are bordered with black and white lace.

Many of the new bodices fasten invisibly at the side, or up the back for youthful wearers. It is the bodice slightly bloused in front which still has the lead, and the many prophecies about the advent of the Princess gown are as yet unfulfilled. The real secret of the matter is that there is something lacking in the Princess gown which all women seek to a certain extent, in dress, and that is youthful effect, so we can count on the chance that it will require a long time to oust the round waist from favor.

Any attempt to discover anything new in skirts is met by the ruffle en forme, as the French call it, which in some shape dominates nearly all of our summer gowns. It is circular, or shaped only at the top, and there may be one, two, or three of these flounces forming the entire skirt, but it is here in every conceivable style the fashion makers have found it possible to invent, and the whole success of the gown depends on the particular flare and swing of this shaped ruffle. Foulard gowns are often made with a shaped bias ruffle finished at the top and bottom with a ruche of the same silk edged with narrow lace or black velvet ribbon. The shaped flounce in narrow width appears again on an evening gown of pink gauze over liberty crepe, trimmed with cream lace insertion, dotted with silver spangles. Hyacinth blue velvet edges the gauze frills on the underskirt and forms the belt, while the sleeves are of fine lace matching the insertion. A pretty white organdie evening dress shows rows of lace insertion and ruffles of the same edged with narrow white satin ribbon.

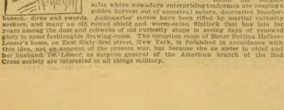
A very stunning costume for afternoon wear at the fashionable hotels is made of shot glace silk in apricot color, dotted over with squares of black chenille. Ruches of black point d'esprit net, arranged in a wave design, are the trimming, and the yoke and upper part of sleeves are formed of a succession of little frills of lace. A rosette of turquoise blue chiffon finishes the collar at the back. One of the new foulard gowns in soft cerise, checked and figured in black and white, is trimmed on the skirt and bodice with cream guipure and narrow black and white ribbin. There is a bolero effect of the foulard and an under bodice of ivory moire, covered with an applique of silver tinsel. Another silk gown of white, patterned with black, has bands of mauve ribbon velvet, piped with orange, and a trimming of cream guipure lace on the bodice. [illegible] edged Brussels net, trims another foulard gown, with bayadere stripes beginning on either side of the narrow front breadth and alternating with groups of tucks and the bodice and tops of sleeves.

The variety in separate waists is bewildering indeed, and the surprising feature in this brand of dress is that there seems to be no limit to the possibilities. Each week discloses something a little different from anything that has been seen before. The chemisettes yokes of silk, satin, and lace are re-enforced by others of batiste, which also forms the sleeves coming from under a short sleeve of the silk. Handsomely embroidered linen lawn is used for vests and yokes, and plain white batiste is employed for vests in waists of dotted batiste. A vest of deep tucks fastened with two or three turquoise buttons is very pretty. Batistes with embroidered dots and fine lawns in plain tints or figured patterns make lovely waists for warm weather, but glace silk seems to be the all-prevailing fabric, the changes being rung incessantly in shades of blue, especially pervenche, and all the tints of rose and cerise. A pretty blouse of gray silk is tucked in groups up and down, each one separated by a fine latticework of gray silk and over a white silk lining. A soft fichu drapery of white chiffon crossing over a vest of cream satin finely tucked and trimmed with frills of lace is the feature of a blue silk bodice. The fichu crosses just above the belt and is strapped across with three bands of black velvet ribbon drawn through paste buckles. The first bodice illustrated is of rose silk, trimmed with a waved band of cream lace edged, with a ruche of black and white lace. Another bodice shows a yoke of tucked cream satin, tucked sleeves, and a shaped band, outlined with cream applique, which has the effect of a short bolero. Pearl gray silk forms the third model with corded tucks up and down and around the sleeves. The vest is of pink chiffon, with gathered gray satin baby ribbon crossing it at intervals, the fichu of the silk corded in groups, with insertions of yellow lace between and edged with ruchings of pink chiffon. A double collar of white silk, covered with lace edged with narrow knife plaitings of silk like the bodice, is the feature of another blouse. A trellis design in cream pink satin, fastened at each crossing with a tiny paste button, shows very effectively on pale green silk. Black china silk covered all over with tiny frills of chiffon, each one headed with a narrow line of jet, makes a very dressy and inexpensive little bodice. Cover the sleeves and revers with the same frills and make the collar band and V-shaped vest of tucked silk in some becoming color or of cream lace over white.

Among the dressy little capes for summer wear is a model in periwinkle blue glace, made with two accordion plaited frills edged with a ruche of black chiffon. The revers are of silk covered with alternate rows of black velvet and white satin ribbon. Another fancy in fawn cloth is trimmed with rows of crinkled moire ribbon and embroidered in black and white and steel.

## MARTIAL DECORATIONS FOR SITTING ROOMS.

Great-grandfather's Revolutionary saber, musket and knapsack are being energetically hunted up in the attics of thousands of old homesteads all over America. Firearms, powder flasks, knapsacks, bugles, anything that suggests war and to which may be tacked a more or less embroidered story of "my ancestor who fought at the battle of "Bunker Hill" or "was one of the last to saunter off the field at Chapultepec" is in great and growing demand. Soldier ancestors are



at a premium. Families not so fortunate as to possess records or relics of a warrior haunt the bargain sales where nowadays enterprising tradesmen are reaping a golden harvest out of ancestral sabers, decorative blunderbusses, dirks and swords. Antiquaries' stores have been rifled by martial curiosity seekers, and many an old rusted shield and worm-eaten flintlock that has lain for years among the dust and cobwebs of old curiosity shops is seeing days of renewed glory in some fashionable drawing-room. The reception room of Sister Bettina Hofker-Lesser's home, on East Sixty-first street, New York, is furnished in accordance with this idea, not on account of the present war, but because she as sister in chief and her husband, Dr. Lesser, as surgeon general of the American branch of the Red Cross society are interested in all things military.

### Cherries Are Ripe.

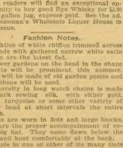
To can cherries, procure sound, ripe fruit. Fruit which is partially ripe is never fit for canning. Look the cherries over very carefully. Do not stem them. Some housekeepers clip off half the stem, others prefer to remove the whole stem; this is a matter of fancy. When the fruit is all prepared put it into clean cans and cover it with a light syrup, in the proportion of five pounds of granulated sugar to five pints of cold water. This should be enough syrup for ten quarts of cherries. After filling the jars to the brim with syrup, put on the covers, leaving the rubbers off—or if they are patent cans, close them. Pack the jars in a large flat-bottomed kettle, and put them on a rack used for the purpose. Pack cloths between the jars to prevent their knocking together; or, if more convenient, wisps of hay will do. Pour lukewarm water in the boiler as high up as the necks of the jars. Let the water boil and cook the cherries in this way for fifteen minutes after the water begins to boil. At the end of this time remove the jars, one by one, to a shallow pan containing a little boiling water. Take off the covers and fill them up again with boiling syrup, which should have been reserved for the purpose. Considerable syrup will have been absorbed during the cooking, leaving space for the new syrup. Put on the rubbers and seal the cans up tight. When the jars are cold tighten them again with all your strength. Wipe them off carefully with a cloth, and set away where the temperature is not above 60 degrees.

By observing this method, not only the delicious natural flavor, but a beautiful color is preserved, and each cherry is perfect in shape.

Frozen Cherries—Take one quart of cherries, using as red fruit as you can find, and mix with one pound of granulated sugar; stir until the sugar is thoroughly dissolved, add the juice from one can of pineapple and one pint of water. Mix well and freeze as you do any frozen fruit.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

### Skirt for the Bride.



Our readers will find an exceptional opportunity to buy good Rye Whisky for $3.00 for a gallon jug, express paid. See the ad. of Grossman's Wholesale Liquor House in this issue.

### Fashion Notes.

Neckties of white chiffon trimmed across the ends with gathered narrow white satin ribbon are the latest fad.

Flower gardens on the head in the shape of hats will be prominent this summer. They will be made of old garden posies and no ribbons will be used.

A novelty in long watch chains is made of black sewing silk, with either gold, coral, turquoise or some other variety of fancy bead at short intervals the entire length.

Veils are worn in dots and large blocks, and are the proper accompaniment of every big hat. They come down below the chin and knot comfortably at the back.

Purple in one or other of its many tints and tones, including plum, violet, orchid, heliotrope, petunia, iris, lilac and wistaria, is everywhere in evidence in the exhibit of dress fabrics, ribbons and millinery.

The dotted veil is a thing of the past. It is not even carried in stock at really swell places. The complexion veil has ousted it. This is very properly named, but it might be even better to call it the complexion beautifier. It is astonishing how a piece of plain black net of crisscross or diamond design can enhance a plain woman's looks.

### CUBAN WAR MAPS.

The Louisville and Nashville R. R. has issued a map 19 by 25 inches, showing Southeastern part of the United States and the West Indies, a copy of which will be sent to the address of anyone inclosing a two (2) cent stamp for postage to E. O. Johnson, Gen. Advertising Agt., Louisville, Ky.

### Not in Good Taste.

Shams.
Soft woods.
Fanciful shapes.
Showy ornament.
Tables without sturdy legs.
Glittering brass bedsteads.
Lamps that are not to be lighted.
Sofas that are not low and broad.
Pretentious low-priced sideboards.
Heavy dining chairs without casters.
Screens that are not actually needed.
Overstuffed furniture in small rooms.
Easels if there is room to hang pictures.
Dining chairs with arms for small rooms.
Wood bedsteads with towering head ends.
Chairs that are not comfortable and strong.
Gaudy upholstery, cheap fringe and brass nails.
All furniture that is not simple in design and well made.

### A Delightful Perfume.

An exquisite mixture for perfuming clothes that are to be packed away, and which is said to keep out moths also, is made as follows: Pound to a powder one ounce each of cloves, caraway seed, nutmeg, mace, cinnamon and Tonquin beans, and as much orris root as will equal the weight of the foregoing ingredients put together. Little bags of thin muslin should be filled with this mixture and placed among the garments.

"Oh, mamma," the beautiful girl exclaimed, "he adores me so, and he is so noble and handsome and—" "Yes, my child." "And he brings such lovely references from his last wife."

## A JUNE BRIDE.

"One parting kiss; sister dear good bye,
Is that a tear drop in your eye!"

## ABOUT THE GARDEN.

### The Best Garden Flowers and Hints for Beautifying the Ugly.

The unexpected has always the advantage of surprising, and by that property it catches and holds the attention. Put flowers in unexpected places. Just where it is ugly and unattractive is the place of all places to plant beauty and so delight the eye and mind. If you have only very limited space for your garden you may find that the utilitarian side of things will crowd you and your artistic efforts to the wall if you will let them. Don't let them.

There are flowers that grow only in stony cracks, others that are healthy only in the damp, the shade, in sand. Others that flourish best in old wood and will spring from a log as from a rich loam bed. All you need to turn your garden or your "back yard" into a flower bed is knowledge and patience.

To begin with. There is perhaps an ugly old stump at the door, one so deeply rooted that you can't tear it up and you have no man to help. Don't tear it up. That stump may be made the envy of all the garden lovers who have no stumps. Hollow it out as much as possible and fill it with rich earth. Remember that wood ashes are very fertile. Then plant the improvised urn with trailing flowers. Nasturtiums are beautiful when planted in this way; their brilliant colors and tender green leaves make a striking contrast to the black wood from which they seem to grow. They are perhaps the best stump flower if the stump be in a sunny spot. Petunias or thunbergia are good used in this way, and so is sweet alyssum; or, if a vine be desired, plant Kenilworth ivy and morning glories. If the stump be tall—if you [illegible] Have it trimmed very slightly, only the fine network of twigs cut away, and then plant a hardy vine at its foot—wistaria, Virginia creeper or a rapid-growing rose vine. Some of the most ravishing effects can be obtained in this way, and in a few years a tree so clothed in borrowed leaves, perhaps bloom, will give nearly as much shade as it did during its life. It is much better to save a dead tree and plant vines to run over it than to cut it down and plant a new one as a general thing. One more word about the stump beautiful. If in an old corner one has been rolled, desolate and ugly for years, rout out the spiders and dirt round it and make it beautiful with ferns and mosses and little trailing vines, periwinkle, for instance. It is wonderful how soon one's hand will grow accustomed to making the best effect possible from every bit of outdoor space.

Suppose when the builders left they allowed to remain behind them an unsightly pile of bricks or stones. Suppose there are old walls round your house with bits of plaster fallen out of place and ugly gaps to offend the eye. These things are not real blots upon beauty if you choose to use them. Flowers are so cheap. A moment's thought, and the seed, with a handful of earth, are tossed into the crevice, and later the rubbish pile and the old wall are beautified with waving flowers and beautiful in themselves by contrast. Don't wait for precedent. Plant a flower anywhere, everywhere, and then await the result.

If you are a beginner and are yet determined to succeed, a few hints as to what seed to buy will be a great help. Don't try to grow the rare, expensive seeds at first. Buy the hardy grower that, once properly planted, will rush along into bloom of its own accord. Then, when in bloom, pick the blossoms as fast as blown, and fill your vases with them; it does the plant good, makes it bloom more.

One of the best garden flowers is the multi-colored nasturtium! It blooms from early summer until late in the fall, and it needs practically no care after the seedlings are once fairly started. Next in popularity is the sweet pea. This must be planted deep and then trained up on brush, but otherwise it needs only that you shall buy the seeds and plant them early; your reward is a wealth of the sweetest and most beautiful flowers.

Asters are another easy-growing flower; they bloom only about a month, but they are rugged and rich while in flower, and seldom disappoint one. They are an almost sure flower to plant and grow from seed. Then portulaca is suggested as a dainty flower that asks but the sun and the rain and in return will bloom richly.

Petunias are hardy growers, but the flowers themselves are very delicate. While petunias, however, are so exquisite that any room in which a vase of them is stood must be greatly beautified, they pay well for the room they take up if used entirely for a vase flower. As an object of extreme attraction in the garden, a bed of California poppies (Eschscholtzia) cannot be surpassed. They are brilliant in color, profuse in bloom, and, if the bed in which they grow be bordered with dainty sweet alyssum, the effect is perfect. Alyssum is essentially a border flower. One of the most valuable ramblers through whose means old sheds and buildings may be made lovely is the new Japanese morning glory. Its flowers are more beautiful than those of any other variety, and it will grow in any spot. By all means have some of them, but keep them cut out, or they will spread too much.

There are, of course, myriads of other easy-growing garden plants that will come from seed to full flower in one season. Conspicuous among them are bachelors' buttons, balsam, Anchusa canna, candytuft, calliopsis, calendula, chrysanthemum (French marguerites, centaurea marguerites, cosmos, Chinese pinks, Gaillardia marigold, marvel of Peru, mignonette, nicotina, pansy, phlox, poppy, ten weeks' stocks, verbena, zinnia, salpiglossis and scabiosa.

Any and all of these flowers are hardy growers and profuse bloomers. They are best planted in massed beds or patches of each, for by this arrangement better color effects are gained when they are in bloom.

## PUTTING UP STRAWBERRIES

### Beforehand Suggestions That Will Be of Value When the Fruit Is Cheap.

Just at present, when strawberries are still scarce and rather high in price, we find no difficulty in disposing of all that come in our way by eating them plain with cream and sugar, or indulging in the luscious strawberry shortcake of springtime. But soon the warm weather will again come upon us suddenly, the northern berries will ripen rapidly and almost before we realize that the season of plenty is upon us we will be clamoring for good receips for canning, jelly-making, for jamming and otherwise preserving the luscious fruit, perhaps just too late to secure the really nice berries at low prices. It will be much better to have a list of such receips in readiness, choosing only those that have been thoroughly tested by practical housewives. And with these methods of preserving the fruit well in hand we can take advantage of the very first fall in prices, while the berries are still in their prime.

Canning Strawberries—Glass jars with self-sealing tops are the best and most economical in the end. With care they can be used year after year. The rubbers will harden after being used once or twice, but can be easily replaced from any good rubber store for a trifle. It is important to attend to this matter, as the air is very apt to creep in about a stiff rubber. Tin cans are never so good for acid fruits, but in selecting the glass ones it is important to see that they have no flaws nor air blisters.

Eight or ten minutes will be long enough to cook the berries ordinarily, and care should be taken that they do not burn nor stick to the bottom of the kettle. In regard to the quantity of sugar, use any or none, as you wish. This will not affect the keeping quality of the fruit. The important point is to keep the air out; but it is generally better to sweeten them ready for use before canning. It is very important to have everything in readiness before beginning to can. If the berries are not cooked in the jars have a funnel convenient to fit the mouth of the jar, and be sure that the jar is well rinsed in warm water and thoroughly heated before pouring in the boiling fruit. Use a porcelain kettle; a brass kettle is an abomination in canning and preserving, and iron or dark and rusty kettles will discolor the fruit, and the spoon used should be silver or a large wooden affair.

While the fruit is cooking, rinse and thoroughly scald the jars and have them ready for use in a pan of hot water. When ready to fill, set one at a time on a hot plate and the juice that is spilled may be saved. It is better to prepare only two or three cans of fruit at once, as the berries will cook better and more evenly than when a large quantity is prepared in the kettle. A large cup of granulated sugar is a good allowance for a quart of berries. Melt the sugar with a very little water, and when clear add the berries carefully and boil about ten minutes, stirring just enough to keep from burning, but not enough to mash the fruit. Attend only to one can at a time. Fill level full. Wipe off the neck of the jar, put on the rubber, fill up with hot syrup as the fruit settles and screw on the cover as tightly as possible, holding the jar with a damp towel.

Fill the jars perfectly full of fresh, whole berries and pour in a syrup of half sugar and half water, until the jars are two-thirds full of the liquid. Then put on the tops loosely without the rubbers (heat will injure these), and set the jars in a boiler of cold or lukewarm water. The latter should reach to within two inches of the top of the cans. Have slats or coarse straw in the bottom of the boiler and do not let the jars touch each other. Heat gradually and let the berries cook seven or eight minutes after the boiling point is reached. Take out the cans, one at a time, keeping the boiler cover on; have a little boiling syrup in a separate kettle on the stove, and if the fruit is shrunken and the jar is not perfectly full, fill up with the boiling syrup; wipe off, put on the rubber and seal at once. This is the best method of canning for keeping the fruit from crushing. If less juice is preferred, put very little water in the jars, or none at all, simply sprinkling the necessary quantity of sugar among the berries when they are put into the jar. Set the jars in the boiler of water and proceed exactly as before. The sugar and juice that flows from the berries will make a very rich juice. A jar at a time when the berries happen to be plentiful can be nicely put up by filling the jar with fruit and setting in a tea kettle of boiling water. When canned by this process, no matter how firmly the covers may have been screwed on, it will be necessary to tighten them once more after the jars have been partially cooled; then turn them over, top downward. If they do not leak about the covers in a little while they may be considered safe; but be careful to keep them in a perfectly dry, dark place. This is important in keeping all acid fruits. It is also well to wrap the jars in dark paper or cloth.

Strawberry Preserves.—There is very little difference nowadays between the canned and the preserved article. Very few people since the day of self-sealing cans dawned, care to follow the old pound for pound receipt for sugar and fruit. It was once necessary to make a thick preserve in order to have it keep, but fruit canned with a little sugar is now more generally liked. If a stiff preserve is wanted, however, weigh the prepared fruit carefully and take an equal weight of sugar. Melt the latter with a very little water, and when dissolved put in the fruit. Let it boil gently for ten minutes, or until the fruit looks clear, and then take out the berries with a wire spoon or strainer, and boil the juice to a thick jelly; drain the thin juice from the berries and put in the thick syrup. Seal in glass jars or put into large jelly tumblers; tie over a firm soft paper when cool and rub with the white of an egg to exclude the air.

Strawberry Jam—Three-fourth of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit is enough for a rich jam, and two cups of red currant juice may be added to every four pounds of berries if a tart flavor is liked. Put the berries in the preserving kettle, pour over the currant juice and boil about half an hour, stirring almost constantly, then dip off most of the juice, add the sugar, and boil nearly half an hour longer, skimming when necessary. Put in small jars or large jelly glasses. The juice that is left over may be canned for pies or made into jelly.

Strawberry Jelly—Put the prepared berries into the preserving kettle and boil until the juice is well out. Then drain the berries through a bag, pressing out all the juice. Measure the juice and put it on to boil, allowing one pint of sugar to a pint of juice. When it has boiled from ten to twenty minutes, and seems thick and rich enough, try a little on a cold plate, and when it "jellies" pour into jelly glasses, and tie the same as for jam.

Strawberry Pickle—Pickled strawberries are a novelty that are highly esteemed. Put the fresh berries in a jar, a layer in the bottom, sprinkled over with cinnamon and cloves; then another layer of berries, and so until the jar is nearly full. Then pour over them a syrup made in the proportion of two cups of vinegar to about three cups of sugar; pour this over the berries, cook and seal.

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**AGENTS WANTED PAGE 7.**

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There is at present living in the northern part of the State of New Hampshire a well-preserved man who was a soldier of the War of the Rebellion. He is sixty-one years of age, and likes to take life easy now; but has ailments, perhaps inseparable from the decline of life, and has found much relief from the use of Ripans Tabules. He was long troubled with frequent headaches; there was an enlargement of the liver; he was annoyed more or less now and then with piles, and occasionally there was a rheumatic affection in his shoulder; another difficulty was a shortness of breath, or what seemed to be an inability to fill his lungs; this he attributed to a stomach trouble, although he was told it was dropsy of the heart. He found that Ripans Tabules, if taken at the time of the approach of any of these troubles, would always stave it off, and bring almost instant relief. He noticed also that they brought about a condition of things that, were he a married man, would be a source of infinite pleasure, but, being single, has at times made him, as he expresses it, "very uneasy."

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"A HANDFUL OF DIRT MAY BE A HOUSEFUL OF SHAME." CLEAN HOUSE WITH SAPOLIO

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The aristocrat volunteer is called an incubator soldier. Yet he may hatch out a good deal of trouble for the wily foe if they ever meet.

To illustrate the rapidity of thought a distinguished scientist says that if the skin be touched repeatedly with light blows from a small hammer, the brain will distinguish the fact that the blows are separate, and not continuous pressure, even when they follow one another as rapidly as 1,000 a second.

The editor of the Correo Espanol, a Madrid paper, says: "We must hide the tear which runs down the cheek while the lips curl in supreme sarcasm. We laugh while our teeth clinch, the bile turns in our stomachs, anger heats our blood, and our hands intuitively seek an avenging weapon." A western editor who has had the grip says this is it.

Of all the nations in the world the United States is the greatest producer and consumer of carpets. Their manufacture is confined almost entirely to the states of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. In 1890 there were 173 factories in this country which manufactured carpets other than rag carpets, and the value of their total product was nearly $48,000,000. About 29,000 persons were employed as operatives in the carpet works. Sales statistics would doubtless show a large increase over these figures, as they in turn showed over the statistics of 1880.

The custom of wearing mourning is of an antiquity so great that its origin is uncertain, and no practice so widely diffused as this is more variable. From forty days to a year is commonly considered the proper time in Europe and America for wearing mourning, but circumstances greatly vary from this approximate rule. Courts go into mourning for seven to thirty days. Mourning is displayed upon public buildings generally about a month, and mourning for a relative depends upon the nearness of the relationship. People are accustomed to think of black as the only mourning color, but almost every color of the rainbow is used somewhere in the world as an emblem of mourning: black and white striped in the South Sea islands, grayish brown in Ethiopia, pale brown in Persia, sky blue, Syria and Armenia; deep blue, Bokhara; purple and violet in France; Turkey, violet; China, white, and Egypt and Burmah, yellow.

It is said that bachelors have a hard time in the Argentine Republic. Here is the statute: People of marriageable age of either sex who refuse an offer to wed without reasons which are considered valid in law shall not be permitted to marry thereafter without the permission of the government. They shall, moreover, pay an indemnity sum of not more than one hundred pounds to the person whose offer they have refused. Young men and women under 20 years old are exempt from the law, and can marry when they please. After they are 25 the men are obliged to pay a heavy tax if they remain single. The women propose as well as men; so an unmarried young man between 20 and 25 years old in that country has a troublesome time. Not only is he made to pay a tax for being a bachelor, but if he refuses a proposal he has to pay the proposer a fine. Naturally, there are few old maids in Argentine.

A great many women make a mistake in supposing that a baby-like mouth is beautiful. They have read about mouths that form a Cupid's bow, and they suppose that such a mouth is irresistible. They are quite wrong. A baby-mouth is very pretty and very charming in an infant, and the rosebud is appropriate for the mouth of a child, or even of a girl, but the rosebud mouth in a mature woman is a sign of cruelty, deceit and complete selfishness, and when with the rosebud mouth you discover that the corners droop you may look out for a catlike slyness which will lead its possessor to torture human beings precisely as a cat will torture a mouse. The Greeks, who reached the highest standard of physical beauty in their so-called golden age, insisted that a beautiful mouth was never a tiny mouth, and that no little-mouthed woman was ever possessed of an heroic soul, and it is a fact that no rosebud mouth has ever opened to the world to give utterance to lofty sentiments and that among the heroines of history there is not one with the tiny mouth; therefore the girls and women who read these lines may be content if they do not possess the Cupid's arch, and, fortunately, the little, meaningless mouth is extremely rare in mature womanhood of today.

# FOR LOVE OF BARBARA ALLEN

BY ELLEN FRIZELL WYCOFF

[Barbara Allen, the beautiful daughter of a Virginia clergyman, is the promised wife of a middle-aged physician and the friend of her father. While visiting her aunt, in company with her sister, Kitty, and Dick Moran, Kitty's lover, Barbara elopes with Douglas, almost a stranger to her, and they are married. Dick tries to get Barbara to return home with him. Douglas resents his interference and a fight in which Dick is wounded by Douglas and the latter is thrown over the cliff to almost certain death. Then Barbara is taken home. Kitty resolves to save Dick, who is about to be arrested for the murder of Douglas. She gets the doctor, Barbara's old lover, to give him a drug which gives him the appearance of death and arranges to get him home in a trunk, the coffin supposed to contain his body being weighted with lead. Kitty and the doctor deceive everyone, and the coffin believed to contain the remains of Dick is buried. Dick is rescued from the burning house by Larry, with whom he divides the money left by Kitty. Larry discovers a guardian in Mr. Marribeau, a seemingly weak and decrepid old man, and all go south to the vicinity of Pinehurst, the home of the Douglas'. Barbara and Kitty go to Pinehurst with their aunt for a visit.]

## CHAPTER XII.
## MIRACULOUSLY SAVED.

It seemed to John Douglas that a last perfect happiness was his own. He had won the beautiful girl who filled his heart with a deep, uncontrollable love.

She stood with him before the holy altar! She was his wife! Into this joy came Dick's interference, and the man became furious.

He fought like a wild beast, using his revolver in his mad fury, and then recklessly dragged Dick to the very brink of the precipice. Here the younger man rallied and exerting all his strength, threw his antagonist from him.

Mr. Douglas made an effort to recover himself when he realized the danger, and this had the effect of sending him straight down the side of the cliff, through the scrubby oaks that were groaning and tossing in the storm. A limb caught in his light summer coat, and for an instant held the helpless body suspended in the air, while the merciless winds tore at it, and the heavy rain beat against it.

He cried out, but the scream of an engine and the roar of wind and water drowned his voice. With a groan of despair he felt his coat giving way, and then he fell. The heavy coal-train rumbled by, in the darkness below, adding its share to the terrible confusion of that awful night.

The horror-stricken group on the cliff above believed if the doomed man escaped the river this train would be a terrible Juggernaut, under whose cruel wheels he must die. But sometimes that which has the appearance of great danger, instead of ruining, saves us.

On one of the coal cars, dripping wet in the ceaseless rain, bruised and stunned by the fall and blackened by the coal, lay the newly-made bridegroom!

At the station not far away, the passenger train that was to have taken him on his wedding journey thundered past the dusky, rain-soaked line of coal cars!

The morning sunlight found the man almost dead and quite unconscious. The loaded cars had by that time been left under a long shed for unloading.

Rough, kindly hands lifted the bruised body tenderly, and weatherbeaten, blackened faces bent pityingly over him, as he lay on the platform.

"Poor old cuss! I reckon he's stole his last ride," one of the men said, wiping with awkward tenderness the grime from the heavy eyelids, and brushing back the long, soft hair.

"I guess he's got a free pass for his next trip," added another, pushing his grimy coat under the stranger's head. "He's got hurt, somehow; looks like a lick on the head," he went on, parting the blood-matted hair.

"Some of the train-hands chasing him off," said a third man, looking down at him.

"He'll have to be took to the hospital, for he ain't dead, yet," said the man who spoke first. "Maybe them doctors can fix him up."

"Anyhow, they'll enjoy trying; and there's his carcass for pay. As fine a one, I'll warrant, as they ever sliced. I've seen 'em pay well for the like of this, haven't you, Jere?"

"This one ain't ready for that," said the first speaker quickly.

And so it happened that before the day was gone, John Douglas, a wounded and unknown stranger, was laid in a clean, narrow bed in one of the wards of the nearest hospital, which happened to be the Good Samaritan. And there he lay, day after day, week after week, in the very Valley of Shadows.

The Good Samaritan had many visitors. Beside the severe female with tracts, and the smiling lass with flowers, there were earnest men and women whose hearts were full of human love—which is charity.

And beside these, and sometimes among them, too, were physicians who came from other places—country towns, and out-lying neighborhoods, just as milliners flock to gay Paris and painters to classic Rome.

It happened one day that among the visitors was a little fat country doctor with merry, twinkling eyes, infantile cheeks and chin, and whiskers a la Horace Greeley.

It was easy to see, shining in the sunny face of the white-haired old man, a love for humanity. The sight of suffering had not made him a pessimist, nor had the persistent power of disease made him a Stoic. His faith in the wisdom and goodness of the All Father was as simple and strong as it had been fifty years before.

Through the wards went the fat little doctor, sometimes with tears in his eyes, often with a smile wrinkling his cushiony cheeks, always with a cheery word for whoever was able to hear.

And at last he stopped at the cot upon which lay the friendless stranger. Somehow the white face interested the doctor more than any he had passed.

"What's his name?" he asked.

"That we don't know," answered the nurse. "He was hurt somehow and was for weeks unconscious, but a day or so ago I began to notice a change. He seems to be dazed and puzzled now, but I think he will be able before long to tell us who he is."

"Has he spoken today?" asked the doctor.

"I have been too busy to talk to him. Would you like to do it, Dr. Barnes? I think he is waking. Will you give him a little wine if he does wake? I must go to a new patient."

It was no new thing for Dr. Barnes to be asked to do a favor. He had been helping people all his life, and, somehow, strangers had no hesitancy in calling upon him, recognizing some occult instinct the brotherly love that filled his heart.

And so he sat down by the cot and quietly watched the face of the unknown man. Old memories began to stir strangely in his mind, and he could not understand what had called them up. Presently the eyes of the sick man flashed open and rested on the good old face.

"Dr. Barnes!"

"Why, if I'm alive, Jack! It's—but no, it can't be. I reckon I don't know you, sir."

The doctor's eyes were bulging, and his round face had paled.

"I am so glad to see you," the sick man went on. "I've felt so dazed and queer. Now I begin to—. How did you know that I was here?"

"I didn't know, old fellow. Here's your wine. Can it be that you are Jack Douglas?"

"It has been so long since I heard the old name! Yes, I am the wayward Jack Douglas you used to know. How changed I must be!"

"They'll be so glad at Pinehurst, old man. I'm just from there. Yes, they'll be glad at home," the old man went on giving his simple conscience a friendly pat. "You see, Jack, we have been thinking of you as dead!"

"I recollect. My names was with Lenore's in the list of the lost."

"Yes; Lenore will be a new woman now—"

"Lenore?" The sick man tried to raise himself.

"Just be still, Jack. I'm a blundering old idiot! It's a good thing that joy never kills. There was more than one mistake in that list. I see it all. You thought Lenore dead, when all this time she has been mourning you as lost! O lucky accident, this visit of mine."

"Lenore must be dead! I saw her boat go down."

"I reckon not, Jack. She is at Pinehurst, and has been for six years. Before that she was on the stage."

"Lenore at Pinehurst!"

"She's there, safe enough."

The doctor's face twitched.

"We can't expect everything, Jack."

John Douglas closed his eyes for awhile.

"He forgave her?" he asked after awhile.

"Oh, yes. Now just be quiet, Jack. I'll come back tomorrow. The nurse will be scolding me. I am dreadfully afraid of nurses!"

And, more excited and wrought up than he had been for many a day, the doctor went to his hotel. He had come to Washington to visit a patient who, several weeks before had been brought here for special treatment, and he had been nosing about, as he was fond of doing, before it was time to go home.

At the hotel he wrote a long, carefully worded letter to his friend Howard Douglas, of Pinehurst, in which he described his discovery, pointing out what seemed to be the best mode of breaking the glad news to Lenore.

Therefore it was with something like consternation that he listened next morning to what Jack Douglas had to say.

"Don't tell them at Pinehurst. It can serve no good purpose. Lenore has forgotten me."

"Why, Jack, old man, she's your wife. Surely you don't understand women; they never do forget."

"Sometimes they marry a second time."

"Yes," and then an awful fear whitened the old doctor's face. "Jack, is there a little woman anywhere waiting for you to come?" he asked huskily.

"Everybody who ever knew me thinks of me as dead?" the sick man answered sadly. How could he tell the truth about Barbara?

"Then you have made no new—friends? I'm glad, Jack, for I thought there might have been another little woman, you know. I have written to Pinehurst, and Lenore will soon know all about it. If there had been another, I'd have—there is more than one kind of lie, Jack. I can look into trusting eyes and tell one sort, but the other—I guess I couldn't manage that."

"Couldn't you just say that you were mistaken in the man?"

"Under certain circumstances I'd run the risk, but not now."

On occasions the fat little doctor could be astonishingly firm. The strongest will, coming in contact with him then, felt that a solid rock had been struck. There was no breaking him down.

Jack Douglas felt this now, and turned wearily away.

"I have always been a plaything of fate," he said.

A great pity for beautiful Barbara Allen filled the man's heart. He could not bring himself to tell the story to his old friend. He could see that Barbara must think of him as dead. She could know nothing of the miracle that had saved him. He had not been free to marry her, and he felt what her horror would be if she knew.

He saw that he must let his happy summer with her be as a dream, and he must go to Lenore. Barbara thought him dead. She would grieve for awhile, but she would forget. When he thought of this a strong temptation seized him. Why not find Barbara and go with her far away? And then he saw again the girl's pure eyes and heard the low words: "Death, or dishonor." Of these she would have chosen death, on that happy summer day.

No, he could not return to the girl who believed him to be dead. She would think of him sometimes—surely no woman could forget a love like his. When storms raged and the winds were abroad she would think of the lover who lost her on that stormy night. She would think sometimes of her ardent, desperate lover who had died. Yes, to her he had died.

His mind had been a blank for so long that all this filled it for awhile, but presently he began to wonder if they had heard of the tragedy at Pinehurst. A desire to shield Barbara at any cost took possession of him. If he could prevent it, her dear name should not be dragged about and soiled as the world soils the fair name of a woman when once it is thrown out upon its mercy.

Perhaps the story had not gone so far. He must find out. If they knew at Pinehurst, he would never go there. At least she should never know that her lover was another woman's husband.

After a short rest he began to ask about Pinehurst.

"Is Donnelly still in favor there?"

"Yes, and June is still waiting. You don't know Donnelly? I've been hearing since I've been here that he's been in a sort of row lately," the doctor said cheerily, glad to take Jack's mind off other thinggs for a while. "The boys here have been telling me."

"What sort of row?"

"I hardly know. Seems that he had a sweetheart, whom another fellow ran off with. I don't think I heard all the names. And the girl's brother, or cousin, I forget which, caught up with them and threw the bridegroom over a precipice into the river, where he was drowned."

"Killed?"

"Yes, on his wedding night, and June patiently waiting for Dennis to come and marry her! Well, maybe he will now."

"And the murderer?" asked Jack Douglas huskily.

"Let me see. Yes, he died the same night. A weak heart and a bad conscience, and probably some worse whisky. So nothing came of it, and it hasn't reached Pinehurst. I shan't carry it there, for I like Dennis—nice fellow—new ideas, but too venturesome. Find of his profession. I'm surprised a woman ever took his fancy.

"I hope now that you are going home and all—er, that Howard may reconsider the matter—Lenore—but I must not talk to you any more. Your nurse will have me arrested!"

So he should be able to save Barbara the humiliation of knowing! And poor Dick

"I GUESS HE'S GOT A FREE PASS FOR HIS NEXT TRIP."

was dead! He had liked the jolly, light-hearted boy. How his blue-eyed, baby-faced sweetheart must be grieving for him!

"I'll hardly get back to see you, Jack, but I know Howard will come when I've seen him. Good-by, old man! Make haste, now, and get well. The world is a good sort of place, and I'm glad you are here yet."

The doctor pressed the sick man's hand and went away. That night he started for Pinehurst.

## CHAPTER XIII.
## JACK'S WIFE.

Barbara's family had not thought of recognizing the hurried, secret ceremony that had taken place in the bleak, weather-beaten little church on that stormy summer night. Barbara Allen she had been, and Barbara Allen she was to be still. She had been too crushed and sorrowful to think of even of the new name or to contend for it. Now, however, the prospect of a visit among strangers, the thought came to her, and she timidly mentioned it to her aunt.

"The idea, Barbara Allen! You are absurd. Why should a girl so young and beautiful saddle herself with a Mrs? By no manner of means can this folly be allowed. I had forgotten that there was a shadow of right to any other name, and have written of you as Barbara Allen. Your father did not regard the foolish marriage as legal, and if that poor fellow had not been killed it would all have had to be done over. It was a wild folly, a summer dream. Let it go."

If Barbara had not been listless and broken in spirit, the result of all this talk would have been different, but it was easier to yield, and she had done so, especially as Kitty, anxious to blot out every trace of that foolish love-making, added her strength to her aunt's.

And so Mrs. Overton and the girls arrived in due time at Pinehurst. Kitty, who still had an eye for beauty, in spite of all she had undergone, immediately went into raptures over the grandure and magnificence of the place.

Mrs. Douglas welcomed her guests in her stately way, for, if just the right blood flows in her veins, a southern woman is stately at fifty, and Mrs. Douglas was quite that now. At once the visitors felt at home, for the spirit of hospitality reigned at Pinehurst.

Slowly, gracefully, with a smile like sunshine in the heart of a full blown magnolia, June—the girl who hoped to become Dennis' wife!—held out her white hand to Barbara Allen and in her slow, sweet voice welcomed her to Pinehurst.

June was thirty-five now. For twenty years she had been the idol of her home. For fifteen she had been waiting for Dennis to come and marry her! If she had known then that the fairy-like girl who stood beside her had long ago won the heart she had failed to touch, her welcome would have been just as sweet, for June never troubled herself to be jealous or angry.

When they were seated in the great, cool parlor and Kitty was talking almost brightly to the gallant colonel, the door opened and a woman, tall and graceful, with trailing black robes and a shining crown of snow white hair, entered the room.

"Lenore, I am glad you felt able to come down," Mrs. Douglas said graciously, going forward to meet her, while the colonel found a deep, easy chair and rolled it forward.

Then Mrs. Douglas introduced the strangely beautiful woman as:

"My husband's kinswoman, Mrs. Lenore Douglas."

Kitty looked with wide, startled eyes at the sad face under its crown of silver hair. The eyes were dark with heavy purple circles under them, and the mouth was sad and unsmiling. But it was not an old face; in spite of the lines that lay about the mouth and across the forehead there was a certain look of youth. Like one in a dream she greeted the visitors, and sank into the chair the colonel placed for her.

After this everybody seemed to forget her, and the interrupted conversation was resumed.

It was the day after the arrival of Mrs. Overton and her nieces that Dr. Barnes called at Pinehurst.

There was a goodly, wholesome look about the little fat doctor, and the sound of his cheery voice carried healing with it.

Miss Betty always welcomed him with warmth, not to say effusiveness, but then Miss Betty belonged to the doctor's kind, being of the order of sunny human beings.

They were gathered on the lawn, making, as Miss Betty said, the most of the sunshine while it lasted, when he arrived.

"Ah, this is a goodly sight, Howard, a goodly sight. Why is Lenore not among you? She needs all this."

He fell at once to talking in the most friendly manner, so that Colonel Douglas could hardly introduce him. But he managed at last to get the doctor's attention from the guests and fix it upon their names.

"Allen, did you say, Howard? Allen? Why, I went to school with an Allen. Preacher, now in a little Virginia town. Splendid fellow, Meridith Allen. There, there! Tut, tut! What have I done?"

He had been holding Barbara's hand, bowing over it in a funny, jerky way, when at the mention of her father's name she had stifled a sob, and, glancing at her black dress, he knew.

"How glad I am to meet you, my dears. You are my old friend's daughters, and you are to let me be your friend. There, don't cry, little girl. How tiny you are—quite a child," and, lifting her face with one hand he took his big white handkerchief in the other and proceeded to wipe the tears from the long curled lashes. And this was so ridiculously funny that Kitty laughed almost merrily.

Miss Betty came to the troubled doctor's relief.

"It hasn't been long," she said. "Kitty is an adopted daughter, but it's all the same, and I am so glad the dear girls have met you, for I don't know anything nicer that could have happened to them."

And then Mrs. Overton had to say something, and Colonel Douglas felt called to speak, and all this took up some time through which June had been quietly swaying to and fro in her garden chair, a sweet smile on her lips, her golden brown eyelashes on her cheeks, calmly sleeping. For June slept gently, as she did all other things, and always opened her golden eyes at exactly the right time, thus missing much that less fortunate people had to endure.

"Howard," said the doctor, presently, "I shall have to take you away from this charming company, for I must speak to you, alone. Shall we go now?"

Colonel Douglas got up, his long fingers fluttering like a nervous girl's, and the little doctor trotted off beside him.

"Pretty girls, Howard. What did she say? Not an own daughter of my old friend? Then what sort of daughter is she?"

"Adopted. Probably no kin at all."

"Pretty and uncommon looking girl. Eyes like blue periwinkles. Curious eyes for that dark face. Pretty girl, prettier than the other."

"A matter of taste, Barnes. My eyes never tire of that small pink and white face. Barbara Allen is as perfect as an arbutus flower."

"Yes. How is Lenore?"

"It is about her you wished to speak to me?"

The doctor looked uneasy.

"Yes, and of some one else."

"The—the child?"

"Alas! no. I have a strange story to tell you, Howard. One that I hope you will be glad to hear."

"Unfortunately, I am not fond of strange stories."

The doctor instantly took on his rock-like aspect. [illegible] may be able to listen with some degree of patience."

Mr. Douglas opened the door of the library and they went in. The talk was a long one, for the whole story of the Washington incident had to be told.

After this visit of the doctor, Colonel Douglas was quiet and abstracted. His gaiety was forced and fitful, and his laugh rang hollow. It was the next day that he announced his intention of going to Washington on most important business.

He had had a conference with his wife and June, and this trip was the outcome of it. Mrs. Douglas received the news the doctor had brought calmly. It was indeed a strange story, but she listened to it all, and at once decided what should be done.

June heard it, too, and her eyes opened a little wider. She was indifferent to Jack Douglas; his movements in this world or another had no interest for her.

"Of course we shall not mention the matter to our guests. Nothing is so vulgar as a sensation," she said, and her mother and the colonel agreed with her.

It was the doctor who told Lenore, and to his surprise and delight she smiled brilliantly.

"I have never felt that he was dead. It does not seem strange that he is coming home," she said.

Mrs. Douglas went to her and suggested the propriety of keeping the more startling features of the matter from their guests.

It was the day before the departure of Colonel Douglas that he sat in one of his brooding, abstracted moods alone in his study.

The door opened and he looked up.

"You, Grimes?" he said as a hard, withered little man entered.

"Yes, sir, it is I. Mr. Marribeau, who is negotiating for the overseer's place, has arrived, and has asked permission to call upon you tonight."

"And why tonight?"

"He explained, sir, that, being a great sufferer and old, his unaccustomed journey has fatigued him, and he could not present himself today. Tomorrow he wishes to move into the house, if all is satisfactory."

"What sort of person is he?"

"Well, sir, he is a great sufferer from rheumatism, seems to be crusty and eccentric, and quite aged. He bundles up a good deal as if he were a thin-blooded man."

"Not what you call prepossessing."

"Hardly, sir."

"Family?"

"There is a housekeeper and two boys and a girl who is a picture, sir, even to old eyes like mine."

"Children?"

"Hardly more. The boys are sixteen, maybe, the girl younger."

"As I am leaving tomorrow, he may call tonight."

"And he asked about the papers, sir."

"I presume they will be ready."

"Then I suppose the deal will be concluded tonight?"

"Yes. If he has decided to take the place. By the way, I do not now recollect where he comes from."

"From Washington, sir."

The Colonel gave a quick start.

Washington was already in his thoughts, and his thoughts were not pleasant ones. Still, what connection could there be between the blue-blooded Colonel Douglas and this family of waifs from the street of the National capital?

"I am going to Washington," he said, "and I might inquire— Still," he added, "I presume they are hardly the sort of people we care to mix up with. Let it go. When Mr. Marribeau comes show him in."

And the man of business bowed and left the room, leaving Colonel Douglas in a brown study.

## CHAPTER XIV.
## BUYING A HOME.

Larry and Ben were to go with Mr. Marribeau. Bonny was greatly excited over the getting ready. She tied and untied the boys' cravats, and wrapped Mr. Marribeau up until he declared he felt like a mummy.

They had been in the south only two days, and were stopping at a small hotel not far from Pinehurst.

"Whatever you do don't get nervous," she said peeping into his deeply-lined face with anxious, critical eyes. "I should feel so awful if anything ghappened to you, for I love you almost as well as the boys."

"That ought to make a more cowardly fellow than I am brave of heart," was the reply.

"Certainly. Now don't think of backing down or failing. I wish we knew what sort of man this great Colonel Douglas is."

"We'll go and see," Ben said stoutly, so they were off.

Bonny went to sit with Mrs. Hoofnoggle. Maria was very tired.

"It's being farther from Patty, I tell her," said Mrs. Hoffnoggle, "but that can't matter when she'll be getting strong against his coming out."

Bonny listened absently to the ceaseless chatter of the old woman, her eyes watching the hands of the clock that seemed to have gone to sleep over its own drowsy ticking.

She had begun to be afraid and sorry that they had not chosen some safer way. What if Mr. Marribeau should be found out, and his secret, whatever it was, dragged from him?

It was after ten when they came home. Mr. Marribeau toiled laughingly up stairs supported by the boys—"just to keep up appearances," he said—and Bonny almost forgot, as she leaned over the railing watching them that he was not a real old man. His groans were loud and his complaints bitter indeed. He was having what Harry called a genuine rehearsal!

But when he was safe inside his room, he tossed the wraps and whiskers aside and tore the wig from his head.

"It is done!" he said gaily bowing to Bonny. "At last you have a home that is all your own. Here is the deed."

Bonny took the paper and hugged it gleefully.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Marribeau, how good to us you are! And did you get on pretty well? You must have been very warm with all those clothes on!"

"Yes, I felt like a salamander!"

"I am so sorry for you. But you succeeded!"

"Oh, yes. A southern colonel is the easiest man in the world to impose upon. This one is not an exception. Fine place, that. One can excuse—"

"Do tell me all about it. Is it so very grand?"

"It's the toniest place I've ever set my peepers on," Ben said.

"Tell me about it."

And Bonny sat down, straightening out her short red skirts, and looking from one to the other expectantly.

"It's like the garden of Eden, or a place you dream about," Larry said slowly. Ben laughed.

"There' now we'll have it! Larry's struck a poetic vein."

"I have dreamed about just such places," Larry went on good-naturedly. "But I had never expected to see one truly."

"I don't think you have quite seen this," Ben said, still laughing.

"Well, of course it was dark, but one somehow got the impression, you know."

"Yes," Bonny nodded, encouragingly.

"First, there are the grounds, all full of trees and flowers, and wide, white drives, and the air is sweet with a hundred perfumes. The mansion is like the picture of a temple, with great pillars in a long row across the front, from the ground away up to the roof, and all the great porch is paved with marble. I could see long verandas at the side, and balconies and tall windows, and there are vines and flowers everywhere.

"The hall is like a church, and away across it a door was open and we saw beautiful ladies laughing and talking. When we were coming away some one was playing on a piano, and one of the ladies was singing. You never heard anything so low and sweet and soft as it was."

"But the officer was not so fine," Ben put in. "Mr. Grimes was there. It is a stuffy sort of place."

"And the colonel very grand?"

"Oh, yes. He paid but little attention to us. I don't think he saw Larry and me at all. And, you see, Mr. Marribeau was only a poverty-stricken old fellow, buying a little ragged edge of land that the great man didn't want to be bothered with. A lady, not one of Larry's pretty ones, came in to sign the papers. I guess the land was hers. They called the place the overseer's cabin."

[illegible] ment's thought. "I shan't spoil it all by wishing for a home like that. But I mean to see that place, and know those people."

"I shouldn't creep after them," Ben said.

"I shall not forget that we are as nice as anybody, but I am going to enjoy that place as if it were a picture, or something, and—"

"I think you'd better go to bed now, if tomorrow is to be moving day."

"What fun we shall have! I can take some of Maria's lace to sell, and when they know me, they won't mind having me come."

"There the toady goes again!" Ben exclaimed.

"You don't understand, Ben," Larry interposed quickly, as he caught the flash of Bonny's black eyes. "She couldn't do that, you know. We'll have work enough tomorrow. Bonny, I'll take you early to see the place, if you are awake."

"Then I'd better be asleep now. Good night. Mr. Marribeau, shall I kiss you with the boys?"

She stood smiling before him, leaning forward and holding out her short skirts daintily.

"I should feel greatly honored, I am sure," he said.

"But I don't believe I will. I've been thinking of leaving Larry off, he has grown so tall, and I have to tip-toe. This is a good time to begin. Here Ben, come kiss me good night."

Mr. Marribeau laughed and Larry blushed, and Ben, with a half-laughing, blustering: "Can't you leave me off, too?" went over to her and planted an energetic kiss on his sister's pretty cheek, for it is a curious fact that we do not value what falls naturally to us.

And Bonny slept and dreamed of Pinehurst, full of flowers and music and beautiful women.

At Pinehurst Colonel Douglas walked up and down his study and envied the miserable old man who had just bought the overseer's cabin!

And Kitty! How sweet her slumbers would have been had she only known whose dear head the roof of Pinehurst had for a time sheltered that night!

(To be continued next week.)

If you want pure old Rye Whisky at wholesale send to Grossman's Wholesale Liquor House, $2.50 for a gallon of their private old stock, express prepaid. See their ad. this issue.

With the coming of the shirt waists the uneasy look on a girl's face, as if something might be coming off, has made its reappearance.

## FOR WIFE AND CHILD.

BY NIXON WATERMAN.

I am brave in the wars I wage with men—
The struggle for bread and wine—
My arms are stout as the strength of ten,
And a will of oak is mine.
I think me never a thought of fear,
Though I peril my very life,
For, breathed through the battle's din, I hear
The voice of my dear, good wife.

But never the sun sinks in the west,
And the darkness lulls the fight,
But a warrior, crowned with love, I rest
In the fortress, "Home," at night.
And oh! it is joy tongue cannot speak,
A wee sweet hand to hold,
And to nestle close to a warm, soft cheek,
When the rest of the world is cold.

For wife and child! These be the things
Wherein men's purpose dwells,
The toiler slaves, the poet sings,
The merchant buys and sells;
The shepherd tends his happy flock,
The sailor ploughs the foam,
The soldier meets the battle's shock,
For wife and child at home.

### Domestic Economy Puzzle.

A dear little woman up on Capitol hill married and went to housekeeping in the most determined manner. She set to work to keep an exact account of her expenditures, balancing her books regularly once a month. One of her earliest purchases was an ice ticket for the season. It cost, I believe, $10.

A month later, in making up her accounts, it occurred to her that that $10 should be divided proportionately among the several months mentioned on the ticket in order to give to each day's account only the amount of money actually expended on that day. Also she wished to calculate and set down the number of pounds of ice used each day. The problem had several ramifications which I have forgotten, but, at any rate, it was exceedingly difficult, and the housewife covered sheet after sheet of paper with her calculation. The arrival of her husband found her disheveled and in a state of evident distress.

"What in the world is the matter?" he asked. The wife explained.

"Well, can't you get any answer without that figuring?" he asked. The wife's eyes began to blink rapidly and she sniffed suspiciously.

"Oh, I can get an answer," she said, swallowing hard—"I can get a lovely answer, but I can't put it in my book because I can't tell—I can't tell whether it's days or ice or money."

### Where They Thrive.

There is said to be more cyclists in Copenhagen, Denmark, in proportion to its population than any other city in the world.

### Watches for Boys and Girls.

The Sawyer Crystal Blue Co., whose ad. appears on page 3 of this issue give beautiful watches to boys and girls who will sell their bluing. They require no money. They send you 40 packages of blue, express paid. When sold send them the money and they will send the watch; read their advertisement carefully. They are a reliable concern and do just as they agree.

"I see that the famous hypnotist is to be buried alive for four days. It must be a terrible ordeal to go through with." "Oh, not in his case; he has lived in Cleveland for the past five years."

### CUBAN WAR MAPS.

The Louisville and Nashville R. R. has issued a map 19 by 25 inches, showing Southeastern part of the United States and the West Indies, a copy of which will be sent to the address of anyone inclosing a two (2) cent stamp for postage to E. G. Johnson, Gen. Advertising Agt., Louisville, Ky.

For 2,000 years the Hindoo standard of [illegible] the rich man washes in the open air and dries himself in the sun like his poorer brother.

Hair Hints

*It is much easier to keep the hair when you have it than it is to restore it when it's lost. If your hair is "coming out" it needs instant attention. The use of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR will promptly stop the hair from falling, and stimulate it to new growth.*

*"Some years ago my hair began to fall out and I became quite bald. I was advised to try*

Ayer's Hair Vigor

*and had used it but a short time when my hair ceased to fall out and a new and vigorous growth made its appearance. My hair is now abundant and glossy."*
*THOS. DUNN, Rockville, Wis.*

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When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

## FARRAGUT TO DEWEY.

BY NAN WARD HOOD.

Hail the Goddess of Fame to the pedestaled shade
Of Farragut looming on high;
"Move over a bit on your pedestal base,
For a twin-born we Fame shall supervise.
"Here, come! a bit, give him room at your side,
A trifle of space you must spare
For the child of the sons of the sea of our day,
He make room for Dewey up there."

"And who is this Dewey?" the gray shade replies,
"His is one of your sailors," said Fame,
"Lord! no sea while that blow on both sides
Of the world.
And with the sound of his name,
Without battle or lobby, or a gun, or a sash,
Sank's navy he sunk in the sea."
Said Farragut then to the new fun of Fame,
"Approach and come up here with me."

# THE TWO MADOLINS;
## OR,
# A GIRL'S CONSPIRACY.

By WARD HOGARTON.

### Author of "Why Did He Marry Her?" Etc., Etc.

SYNOPSIS.

[Violet succeeds in securing a proposal of marriage from Gerald. Jack Lawson witnesses the proposal from a window and demands an immediate interview. At this interview he threatens to divulge her secret to Colonel Brandt, and finally, by degrees, decides to murder her. Violet wins Jack Jack, and takes her secret into his confidence. She sees no one for a long time, sending word that she is ill. Mrs. Luther discovers she is not. Mrs. Luther is, and tells the real Madolin that she must go to Lyndhurst and pronounce Violet insane. Violet, however, performs an operation performed on his eye. Gerald discovers Madolin and the young baby in the cottage. She refuses to see him, and finally, after a struggle, gives the baby to him. Gerald then proposes to her to go and orders her away. She tells him the truth, but he thinks she has murdered her as his fairies because Madolin has disgraced the name.]

### CHAPTER XXVII.

CROSSED BETWEEN THEM.

Colonel Brandt lost self-control completely as the door closed upon his wife and daughter.

The fierce sunlight streaming in at the window made his eyes ache with its intensity, but he was unconscious of the pain, suffering in the tornado of shame, humiliation and disgrace that seemed to be hanging over him.

His proud face fared death without blenching, but the thought of it bowed him to the dust.

The fine instinct to which he had just listened could not be wholly without foundation, or they would not have so given utterance.

The fact that Madolin had suffered for her fault seemed to only bind him more cunning.

For the time being he was less moved by the surprising discovery that his discarded child was in the house than by the still more awful fear that the daughter of his love, for her own sake, might have been the possible barrier between the "Lord Jack and Eve," he feared.

After an hour of intense suffering he sent a servant to recall Violet.

Confident that her father had made no discovery during his household visit to the library with the proud bearing of one secure of self-control she obeyed.

"You take me to my child, I will determine your fate afterward."

Violet's lip curled. But she made no reply. To obey her father they had left the room, and were proceeding in the direction of the cottage on the lake.

The Colonel's face was of stone, his eyes gave forth no sign, and Violet began to see some possibilities of hope in his manner. Love, however, is blind, and Violet was not clairvoyant.

"How inexpedient" she exclaimed. "You will become blind again."

"What is it to you?" he demanded fiercely. "Is this another trick, I shall be more disgust deceived."

He replaced his bandage, but in such a manner that he could still see with the left eye.

Violet's eyes were clouded his hand, but her mind was at work with a shudder of repulsion.

He believed that she was his child, but his heart did not hail. He was the enemy of her mother, and with reason. He felt something of the same repulsion for her.

Violet hurried on, growing more nervous every moment. She had left Madolin with Gerald, and feared their journey's end, in spite of herself, would find them fond and alone about her mouth.

It was a sad, pale face that she had determined to take. Failure meant ruin and discovery.

"I won't fail!" she told herself with softer lips. "I won't fail, I won't fail!"

A desire came from the depths of her soul to pray to God for help, but drowning shame stifled the whispered humility.

"Madolin is there. Go to alone tears for pleasant words from Gerald, and tell him why, for shame's sake, she hurles herself alone in the lonely cottage."

Colonel Brandt gave her a furious glance, but uttered no further threat.

In a sort of horrible fascination he watched the face of the woman he had discovered to be his child.

He trod heavily, his breath stopped.

The next few moments would be the story—starvation her position or being for ever in a false world.

At that moment Colonel Brandt heard a wretched cry, and looked up to see Madolin bending over the window, her face a picture of despair and agony. The doctor said "Never's" uttering pains.

"Don't you think Daisy is better?" she cried excitedly, too preoccupied to hear Violet's sigh and shuddering gasp at her horrified man in the doorway.

"Her symptoms are slightly more favorable," the doctor replied with a cool bow to Violet. "Unless new complications arise, I see no reason for anxiety."

"She child!" echoed a voice that sounded scarcely human.

Madolin glanced up quickly. Had she gone mad—was that her father standing in the doorway, glaring at her with a horrible, pitiless face, the brother-in-law she had always feared?

She knew intuitively that his sight had been restored and gave one hopeless, dark look—only to fall a shuddering heap at his feet as he flung out both hands to her as if to strike.

She tried to speak, but her horrible fits seized only two syllables of one word—

"Mo!"

He fell over her with grinding teeth and the fury of a wild beast.

"That name should blister your lips, woman, where is your husband. Answer me quick!"

"I have none. I—I—"

"Liar!" He flung her violently from him. "If you lay a finger's weight upon me I'll kill you!"

"I do not," she replied.

Then she suddenly remembered that he was not blind. She could see!

She lifted her face in speechless misery.

"Then, have you no shame?"

"Never call me by that name again. You have been the worst fiend that ever lived, brought shame and dishonor upon me, and I will not endure it."

And whatever her fate she was cursed mostly from the house.

Madolin was as if in trance, staggered forward a step and fell in a dead faint.

Then the accused relentless servant to her side he thought for a moment that life was extinct.

"Poor soul! What does it all mean? Let her from the depths of my heart," he muttered, ringing the bell furiously for Mrs. Lawson.

When Colonel Brandt reached the spot where Violet awaited his return he looked at her with a fiendish expression spread to her breathed.

"Don't speak to me. Not a word. I can't bear it. Come."

Violet obeyed and followed him silently along the route by which they had just come.

One thing was evident—he believed the worst, and was convinced that he was to be made to confession as death. The poor girl was in a terrible state of mind.

Her one hope vanished when Violet gave its evident enjoyment of her misery before the servants.

Violet kept close to his side, her heart almost bursting with misery and suspense.

They were nearing Lyndhurst before she ventured to look at her companion's face.

Then she saw that he was in a state of guilty secret had you not forced the revelation."

"Hush!" he cried, fiercely. "Do not speak to me, or I shall do you violence."

"Are you going to forgive her?"

"Forgive her! She is no child of mine. And forbid everything!" Violet sneered, but her heart was beating with joy. She had turned the world already. He knows that the real Madolin is hiding here; that his youngest daughter is going as a governess to the Brandt millions. I decline to reveal your secret."

She flipped tone jarred upon Madolin. "Then I will tell him myself."

A dark look came into the Colonel's eyes.

"You dare not," she hissed. "You are under an oath never to do that. You dare not speak."

The cruel head whirled. She felt blindly about and sank down with a groan of despair.

Madolin sang tuneless little song in its evident enjoyment of her misery before the servants.

Violet kept close to his side, her heart almost bursting with misery and suspense.

They were nearing Lyndhurst before she ventured to look at her companion's face.

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The flippant

## MOTHER GOOSE UP TO CAVITE.

The queen of Spain
Blew up the Maine,
All on a winter's morn.
The knaves of Spain
Made loud acclaim,
And shouted "Pigs!" in scorn.

Then Uncle Sam
With shot and ram
Did thrash the knaves full sore;
And made old Spain
Make good the Maine
And vow she'd blow no more.

## MYSTERY OF BLUE PARLOR.

### A Strange Adventure That Befell an Inquisitive Girl.

BY EVELYN SNEAD BARNETT.

The blue parlor was tantalizingly mysterious to the youthful boarders in the Hotel Randolph. Tales started in jest by foolish servants had been repeated in good faith by the children, until the closed apartment at the end of a corridor on the second floor became a veritable Aladdin's cave.

Nevertheless, even in the wildest accounts, there were certain statements that never varied. Within the sacred precincts had once reposed a grand duke and an English prince, and, from floor to ceiling, it possessed a delicate beauty, compared to which the Blue Grotto of Calypso was nothing.

The very first day that Gypsy Preston arrived the closed doors were shown to her, and she was told that no girl had ever seen behind them, only certain favored mortals having been allowed that privilege; and her imagination, running riot, began to weave plans for satisfying her curiosity.

"I shall first ask mamma," she said. "She will find out everything for me."

But the speech raised an outcry.

"You must not! Old Josh says that if the grown people ever know what is in the Blue Parlor they will take us to some other hotel, and we like it best here."

Upon this Gypsy kept silent, and her silence caused an adventure worth relating.

Gypsy grew restless. Every day she watched, but the carved wooden panels presented an impossible barrier.

"They are obliged to clean it sometimes," said her friend, Emily May. "If we only knew when, we might slip in."

But this office must have been performed during the ghostly hours, for no maids, with steaming buckets and dingy scrubbing cloths, were ever seen entering or leaving the wonderful room.

"I am determined to see it," said Gypsy, "and when I make up my mind to do a thing, I generally do it!"

"Sometimes," said little Polly Castoway, softly, "the harder people make up their minds to do things the more others won't let 'em."

Polly was the housekeeper's child, and, I regret to say, was often snubbed by the boarders' children.

"I am sure, Gypsy," said Emily May, ignoring Polly's remark, "if any one gets in, it will be you—you are so smart."

Gypsy was "smart," she was also daring. But notwithstanding both qualities, time rolled by without bringing her desire any nearer its fulfillment.

One winter evening she returned from a music lesson, and entered the hotel as the city bells were striking 5. No one saw her come in, for the boy who attended the ladies' entrance happened to be away from his post.

As she passed through the main corridor she glanced into the smaller one leading to the enchanted corner. A glow illumined it at the end, and, hastening to the spot, she found the great double doors of the Blue Parlor partly open. Giving one furtive look around she slipped in, her heart beating fast, and carefully closed the doors. But she paused in dismay. The Blue Parlor was not blue!

No, there was not a thing blue in it. It was yellow, gorgeous in satin and gold, but unmistakably yellow. Still, marvelous and mysterious it was, in spite of this disappointment, for, coming up from the floor at the far side were shining rays that cast a weird shimmer on gilded wall and glittering chandelier.

Gypsy did not know what to make of it, and stood gazing in silence. Then she realized that it was night, and that she was alone in the shadowy room, and, seized with sudden fright, she started to flee.

Finding the door, she placed her hand upon the knob, but it refused to turn. She used both hands, but in vain. With a choking in her throat, she rapped on the wooden panels, but they gave only a muffled sound that brought no response. In frantic terror she rushed to the window, but the heavy sash would not move, and though she beat wildly on the panes, her excited efforts were like the peckings of a little bird compared to the roar of vehicles that rose as she was, when she realized this, she sunk sobbing upon the floor.

After awhile she became quiet. She would not be such a baby; she would be brave, and reason calmly. Her friends thought her "smart"—she would prove herself so. The thing was not so terrible, when one came to consider; her parents would miss her, she would soon be found; in the meantime she would bear herself bravely.

She waited patiently, but no one came. Then she tried the window again; this time she managed to open it, and she stepped out into a little stone balcony overhanging a pavement that was fully forty feet below. Cars, wagons, carriages, and people were passing. A few flakes of snow fell on her face.

She called at the top of her shrill young voice, but the sound was drowned by the incessant clatter in the street, and as darkness had now fallen, her little figure was invisible from below. She shivered, and feeling the uselessness of the attempt, came in and closed the window.

The yellow glow still rose from the floor in front of the mantelpiece; she must see what caused it. As she went forward, she stumbled against a long, flat object. It was a marble slab, and near it were tools. She gave a gasp of relief, for she remembered that there had been a small fire in one of the entresol rooms beneath the Blue Parlor; she had heard that some of the joists had been burnt through; men had been at work repairing; the marble slab was the hearth, which they had taken up, and the light came from the room below; she had only to lean over, to call, and be released.

She advanced toward the square of light, and kneeling, thrust her head over the opening. A sight met her eyes that paralyzed her tongue and turned her blood to ice. Beneath her was a table, upon which was a pile of clothing. Upon this table—staring straight at her with a look of placid insensibility—were two eyes set in the head of a beautiful woman. Gypsy had never seen a dead person, but there was no mistaking that glassy stare—the woman was dead.

Then she heard the voice of men disputing.

"Well, take her," said one; "dress her up your own way, and get rid of her!"

Gypsy drew back in terror. These men were villains—probably murderers. Then a sick feeling came over her, and she lost consciousness.

When she came to herself the light was gone. She crawled carefully along the floor until she reached a sofa. She was cold and frightened, but she no longer wept. It was too horrible for tears. She tried to forget what she had seen. What was everybody doing? Would she have to stay locked up until she starved to death?

As she lay half delirious with fright, and with a sense of that staring presence close beside her, there came the sound of a clock, striking the midnight hour.

During this time Gypsy's parents had suffered as much as she had. At first she was not missed, her mother thinking that she was with companions somewhere in the house; but when the hour for tea arrived, and she failed to appear, a bell-boy was sent in search of her. The children had seen nothing of her since dinner. Joe, at the ladies' entrance, had seen her go out, but had not seen her return.

Her father went to the music teacher's and found that she had left his house at half-past five. He then inquired at every possible stopping-place, and returned to his wife, full of an indefinite fear. He notified the police. Friends proffered assistance, for the Prestons were widely known, and the news of their only child's disappearance spread like wildfire. Almost crazed with grief, Mrs. Preston had to be soothed with medicines and put to bed. Throughout the long night, Mr. Preston went from place to place, vainly seeking news of the missing one.

The next morning Gypsy awoke feeling hungry and weak. A heavy snow had fallen, and when she attempted to raise the window for a final effort to attract notice from the street, she found that ice had formed around the casement, and it was impossible.

The brightness of day dispelled many of her terrors, but soon her mind went back to that awful thing below. She hardly dared look toward the end of the room, though it had a horrid fascination. What ought she to do? Crime was there; suppose she were brave enough to look upon it once more—she might help to punish the guilty.

This thought giving her courage, she walked to the hole in the floor and leaned over. The calm, dead eyes were gone. Of course, she might have known it! The villains had concealed their crime. It was silly of her to imagine for an instant that the poor woman would have been left there to invite detection. She heard voices. Leaning further over to see the speakers, she lost her balance, clutched at a broken joist, missed it, and fell headlong through the floor to the table below.

When she opened her astonished eyes, the first object that met them was the woman. She was standing, handsomely dressed in a long sealskin cloak and satin gown; on her head was a beautiful fur turban, and in her hand, a costly muff. Her cheeks were a painty red and her eyes a glassy blue.

She was made of wax!

"Where on earth did you come from?" exclaimed a startled young man, pausing in the act of twining a sable boa round the throat of the twin sister of Gypsy's woman.

"I was locked in and I fell out," answered Gypsy gravely; and then the absurdity of the whole adventure struck her, and she began to laugh.

Another spruce young fellow in a chair by the fire now spoke:

"Are you the girl that they were making so much fuss about last night? Come along; let me take you to your parents. I wouldn't miss the pleasure of returning their lost darling for a nickel."

The news of the finding of Gypsy spread in a twinkling. She was led upstairs, followed by a crowd of relatives, friends, children, bell-boys, chambermaids, bootblacks—even the bartender left his post to join the procession.

It is unnecessary to describe her parents' delight. She was kissed, squeezed, given a dainty breakfast, clad in a warm wrapper and laid upon a couch, where she was the center of an admiring audience.

"My brave Gypsy," said Emily May, "any other girl would have gone raving distracted, and not one of us but would at least have broken a limb falling down into the traveling salesman's show-rooms like that!"

"There was a heap of soft clothes to fall on," suggested Polly Castoway; "furs en rugs en things."

"Pray what do you know about it?" said Emily. "I should like to ask, miss, what you would have done under the circumstances?"

"I'd have ringed for the bell-boy to come let me out," answered Polly stolidly.

A sight met her eyes that paralized her tongue, and turned her blood to ice.

## AIDED BY MRS. PINKHAM.

Mrs. W. E. Paxton, Youngtown, North Dakota, writes about her struggle to regain health after the birth of her little girl:

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—It is with pleasure that I add my testimony to your list, hoping that it may induce others to avail themselves of your valuable medicine.

"After the birth of my little girl, three years ago, my health was very poor. I had leucorrhœa badly, and a terrible bearing-down pain which gradually grew worse, until I could do no work. Also had headache nearly all the time, and dizzy feelings. Menstruations were very profuse, appearing every two weeks.

"I took medicine from a good doctor, but it seemed to do no good. I was becoming alarmed over my condition, when I read your advertisement in a paper. I sent at once for a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and after taking two-thirds of the bottle I felt so much better that I send for two more. After using three bottles I felt as strong and well as any one.

"I think it is the best medicine for female weakness ever advertised, and recommend it to every lady I meet suffering from this trouble."

Maternity is a wonderful experience and many women approach it wholly unprepared. Childbirth under right conditions need not terrify women.

The advice of Mrs. Pinkham is freely offered to all expectant mothers, and her advice is beyond question the most valuable to be obtained. If Mrs. Paxton had written to Mrs. Pinkham before confinement she would have been saved much suffering. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass.

## HOSPITAL FOR BEASTS.

### A Place Where Sick Elephants and Lame Canaries Receive Medical Attention.

BY EDYTH STEEL.

People call it the Dog's hospital, which only shows that most of us take more interest in dogs than other animals; it is a hospital under very swell auspices in charge of the New York College of Veterinary Surgeons and School of Comparative Medicine, the college is a branch of the University of New York, and they treat any animal you please there that is not a human being, from elephants to canary birds.

The performing elephants that have started at one of the variety theaters during the last year, had to be to the hospital for a week last fall when they first landed in the country for having been so seasick on the voyage they were quite done up, their treatment was simple enough, for it consisted only of a quart of gin apiece every day, but the hospital could give them quarters better suited to their invalid condition than they could get anywhere else. On the other hand, a canary bird recently had one leg amputated there, and went away hopping quite comfortably on one. It seems a bird bears losing a leg better than most animals.

The hospital and college occupy an entire four-story building at 154 East Fifty-seventh street, New York city. The entrance looks as good deal like that of a livery stable, except that there is one corner railed off that looks like a pharmacy; there are kept the medicines likely to be needed quickly in an emergency. On the wall is a long typewritten paper laying down the strictest laws about the care of the surgical instruments; no instrument must be laid down on anything but towels that have been antiseptically treated if exposed for any length of time through delay in the operation they must all be again washed in antiseptic preparations. No hospital could be more careful in all these respects.

The doctor that took me around is especially attached (in every sense) to the horses, and he talked of every one of his patients just as though he were speaking of a man and a brother; but he had one pet name for all the horses; he called every one "Baby" as he talked to them.

"Come, Baby, come—you're getting all right, aren't you? Turn here and speak to the lady," he would say, and he declared his opinion to be that two-thirds of the horses in New York had more sense than their drivers.

We hear a good deal about physicians growing hardened, particularly in hospital practice; but it was clear to me that these doctors of animals get softened by experience. Animals have something the same power to touch those who really get acquainted with them that children have, and when you take care of a sick one you get acquainted with it in a very advantageous way; it is apt to be so patient and so intelligent.

"Why," said the doctor, "the way horses and dogs will bear pain and because they know you are doing something for them while most human patients look ungrateful. Horses are the best of all about understanding that you want them to keep still, but the way dogs will lick your hand when you are hurting them terribly is very touching. All that is necessary is for them to believe you mean to do them good, and they catch that idea very quickly."

The dog's ward is on the third floor; in fact, any small animal is treated there unless it be a monkey or some such beast from the tropics, requiring extra heat; in that case a room in which one of the doctors keep and breeds home monkeys of his own can be used.

It is perfectly wonderful how clean and sweet is the whole place. The dogs are kept in iron cages, much as you see them at a dog show, and the cats are provided for in the same way. Some of them are apt to start up a nervous barking as you enter, but the doctor speaks to them and pets them, and then they seem relieved and entertained to see some one; any one acquainted with dogs knows how bored they can be, and these poor, sick fellows show so much ennui it looks as if philanthropists ought to send them the illustrated papers and go in and read to them occasionally. Their fond owners would spend a great deal of time with them if the authorities encouraged it. They say it excites the patient too much, particularly those suffering from nervous diseases. Clearly it is a case for the ministration of strangers, since members of the family are too agitating.

You'd think the pussy cats would be highly nervous, being in the same room with the dogs, but no, they don't mind at all, understanding perfectly that the dogs are shut up and they are shut up and all is safe. One thin, black kitty got up and came to her bars and talked very intelligently and piteously to me, mewing and looking into my face in that communicative way that is the cleverest and most human of cat tricks.

Behind the ward stretches a long tin roof that is railed in and used as an exercise ground. The patients with contagious diseases are kept to themselves in the ward and on the playground.

I asked the doctor if they ever had any dogs with rabies, and [illegible] enough about mad [illegible] but they never had had any experience with them. He did not doubt that sometimes dogs do have rabies, but thought not one dog in fifty killed for mad is really so. He said people stood in more danger from pet birds than mad dogs—isn't that surprising?

Then he told of a pet parrot they had charge of a few weeks ago; it had consumption; they have no ward for incurables, so they could not keep it and they would not give it back to the lady who owned it because she had been in the habit of letting it peck seeds from between her lips, and the hospital authorities were convinced she would go on doing this if she had the bird, although they told her that she might get consumption in that way herself. She had to consent to poor Polly's painless death, because the doctors told her if she insisted on taking her away they would have to report the case to the board of health. Birds quite often have consumption, and then any such familiarity may mean death to the human being; also birds may catch the disease from people in the same way.

From twenty-five to thirty horses can be cared for in the hospital at once—that means horses and head of cattle taken together; and about as many dogs or dogs and cats together. The hospital charges are very moderate, 50 cents a day will cover everything for a dog and some are taken for less, yet a man paid a bill of $200 lately for a setter that can never be of any use except as a pet again. Most of the biggest bills and most interesting operations are for pets and trained circus animals. Some trick ponies, shetlands, from Forepaugh's circus, all had their teeth filled here not long ago. The detail work of the hospital is growing constantly. Ether has to be used in some of it, and also sometimes in operations, and when broken legs are put in plaster casts, for it is not as easy to strap down dogs as mats. Much medicine is given through syringes, just squeezed down the throat, and there is rarely much trouble about it. V. R.

The doctor and his patients.

**Opium, Morphine and Whisky**
Habits cured in ten to twenty days. No pay till cured. Book of particulars Free. Address, Dr. J. L. Stephens, Dept. E, Lebanon, Ohio.

Freshby—Professor, is it ever possible to take the greater from the less? Professor Potterby—There is a pretty close approach to it when the conceit is taken out of a freshman.

The Egyptian women wore bangle hoops of gold in their ears, which were regarded as the wearer's choicest possessions, and were parted from only under direst necessity. The golden calf was supposed to have been made entirely from the earrings of the people.

Since 1827 the average of suicides in France has increased from five a year to twenty-six a year.

## CARLO AND BRUNO.

Carlo and Bruno, one a St. Bernard, the other a Newfoundland, are claimed by their owner, Mr. Peter Gruber of Rochester, to be the two largest dogs in the state of New York. But they are entitled to consideration in other respects. They are famous snake killers. Mr. Gruber is known through the east, and, in fact, in the south and west, also though not to the same extent, as "Rattlesnake Pete." It was he who, seven or eight years ago, appeared on the floor of the New York stock exchange arrayed from head to foot in clothes made from snake skins. The tie he had round his neck was a snake skin, and even the ornament that generally fastens a tie in front was a snake's eye. When he goes into the wilds of Pennsylvania and other states hunting snakes, he is invariably accompanied by Carlo and Bruno, who, from long practice, have become dexterous in the game. The dogs are very fond of each other, and the cat seems to like their company.

## PRINCE TATTERS.

Little Prince Tatters has lost his cap!
Over the hedge he threw it;
Into the river it fell "kerslap!"
Stupid old thing to do it!
Now mother may sigh and nurse may fume
For the gay little cap with its eagle plume.
"One cannot be thinking all day of such matters!
Trifles are trifles!" says little Prince Tatters.

Little Prince Tatters has lost his coat,
Playing he did not need it!
Left it right there, by the nanny-goat,
"And nobody never seed it!"
Now mother and nurse may search till night
For the little new coat with its buttons bright;
But—"Coat-sleeves or shirt-sleeves, how little it maters!
Trifles are trifles!" says little Prince Tatters.

Little Prince Tatters has lost his ball!
Rolled away down in the street!
Somebody'll have to find it, that's all,
Before he can sleep or eat.
Now raise the neighborhood quickly, do!
And send for the crier and constable, too!
"Trifles are trifles, but serious matters,
They must be seen to," says little Prince Tatters.

—St. Nicholas.

## THE DEVIL'S POCKET;

### Or, Saved From the Indians By a Herd of Bison.

BY WILL S. GRIDLEY.

"It was somewhere in the neighborhood of thirty years ago that I met with one of the most thrilling adventures of my life—one that I never recall without a shudder," began Major Rawlins, as he lit his [illegible] and settled down in a comfortable arm chair before the open grate fire.

"I was at that time in command of a small scouting party, consisting of a dozen men, which had been sent out from one of the government posts on a reconnoitering expedition. We were galloping across the plains on the lookout for redskins, though not particularly anxious to see too many of them at once.

"We had ridden for hours without meeting with any signs of our foes, and I was congratulating myself on not having any fighting to do for that day at least (I had been in too many scrimmages with the red devils to hanker for anything more in that line than was absolutely necessary), when just as dusk was coming on Jack Hardy, an old scout and Indian fighter, who was riding by my side, gave vent to a sudden exclamation of surprise and pointed toward a small rise of ground half a mile away to the left.

"Looking in the direction indicated, I saw, plainly outlined against the horizon, the figure of a solitary Indian on horseback, apparently watching us.

"The instant he noticed that he had been discovered he whirled like a flash and disappeared from view over the brow of the knoll.

"'Well, he's gone already. One look at us scared him into his hole!' exclaimed I, jokingly.

"'Yaas, Major,' drawled the old scout; 'the inquisitive cuss hez gone inter his hole fer the time being, but I've met up with jest sich criters afore now, an' if he don't come out of it ag'in a plaguey sight quicker'n we want ter see him, bringin' a hull caboodle of the painted sons of perdition along with him, then I'm a mighty poor guesser. That's all.'

"'You think, then, he has gone to rally his gang for an attack? If so, shall we make an attempt to find cover or meet them in the open?'

"'Yer kin safely gamble on the first, Major, an' ez for t'other question I dunno of any place 'round hyar that'd shelter the crowd, hosses an' all, 'cept the Devil's Pocket, ez they call it, an' that lays jest erbout a dozen miles away ter the south-'ard, ez I figger it.'

"At that moment a perfect storm of yells broke out in the direction of the knoll, and the clatter of horses' hoofs could be heard rapidly approaching. The redskins were already on our trail, and it was evident that they outnumbered us a dozen to one. There was no time for parley or delay.

"'Right wheel!' I shouted, 'and make for the Devil's Pocket! Ride for your lives!'

"Led by the old scout we spurred swiftly across the prairies in the direction of the spot where we expected to find refuge. The Indians came on yelling and firing; but fast riding and excitement, as well as the increasing darkness, disconcerted the aim of our savage foe, and we reached our objective point without losing a man, though several of our party had received slight scratches.

"The Devil's Pocket proved to be a deep cleft or canyon in the side of a high bluff. The entrance was not more than a dozen feet in width, but it gradually widened as it penetrated the bluff, until there was ample room for a company of soldiers. The place was a natural fortress, and ten skillful marksmen could have held it against a thousand redskins.

"As soon as we had safely gained the interior we dismounted, and, leaving our horses at the further end of the canyon, manned the entrance, ready to welcome the redskins in case they concluded to call on us, which we soon learned that they did.

"Thrice they charged up to the mouth of the canon and thrice we drove them back. We wasted no shots, and when they fell back for the third time the plain in front of our retreat was thickly dotted with the bodies of dead and wounded Indians and their ponies.

"The redskins were not used to this one-sided sort of warfare, and it was evident that they didn't relish it. Instead of charging again they tried a new tack. Retiring out of range, they encamped directly in front of our retreat, apparently with the intention of starving us out. Here they remained all that night and the next day, and the succeeding morning still found them there.

"We had eaten the last of our scanty provisions, there was no water in the canon, and the men were suffering greatly from thirst and hunger, two enemies which it was evident would soon accomplish what the redskins had thus far failed in doing.

"The situation was fast growing desperate and I was about to order my men to mount and force their way through the encircling line of redskins, when suddenly, away off to the right, a cloud of dust came rolling up over the horizon. It grew thicker in volume as it moved swiftly in our direction. Pointing to the unusual spectacle I asked Hardy what it meant.

"'Buffers—that's what it means!' chuckled the old scout. 'An' it's mighty lucky that we're in here out o' thar way. Jest wait till they git a leetle closer an' see the Injins skedaddle!'

"'Think they'll be apt to run for a few buffaloes?'

"'Few, hey?' snorted Hardy. 'Thar air thousands of the critters comin' along with that cloud of dust; an' they're erbout the only animal an Injin'll run away from.'

"Jack Hardy was right. Sweeping resistlessly along beneath that advancing dust cloud was a countless throng of shaggy beasts, with lowerd heads and flashing eyes.

"On they came, nearer and nearer, headed straight across the plain in front of the bluff. The Indians, intent on watching us, saw their danger when it was too late. There was no time for retreat. They must either meet that living avalanche and scatter it or go down before it.

"A few ran for their ponies and quickly mounted, while the remainder awaited the inevitable collision on foot. They filled the air with piercing yells and fired wildly at the swiftly approaching mass, but all to no avail. Majestic and terrible, that awful sea came rolling on.

"The mighty herd passed on, but in its pathway no living thing was left to tell the tale of that brief but deadly struggle. Our savage foes would trouble us no more!"

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children** teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

## A LADY'S MAID.

(Overheard in the Nursery.)
I often think how nice 'twould be,
If I could teach
My doll to reach
And softly bruch my hair for me!

### Here You Are Boys.

Do you want to earn a watch? If so, read the advertisement of Sawyer Crystal Blue Co., on page 3 of this issue.

on page 3 of this issue.

### Conundrums for Little Folks.

What islands are represented by these letters—E. E. E.?—Cingalese (single E's).

What English word of one syllable becomes shorter by adding a syllable?—Short.

Which is the only way that a leopard can change its spots?—By going from one spot to another.

Why is a map of Turkey in Europe like a dripping pan?—Because there is Greece at the bottom.

How would you learn to sing by transposing the words, "A mill door is safe?"—Do, re, mi, fa, sol, se, si.

Why is falling in love with one's grandmother like a rare moss?—Because it's a [illegible].

Why is a watch dog bigger by night than by day?—Because he is let out at night and taken in in the morning.

Why did Adam, when alone, find the day very long?—Because it was always mourning (morning) without Eve.

What English word of one syllable, by taking away the first two letters, becomes a word of two syllables?—Plague, ague.)

Why are oysters the greatest anomalies in nature?—Because they wear a beard without a chin, and leave their beds to be tucked in.

A bird and liquid letter—Dove.

What has only one foot?—A stocking.

What is smaller than a gnat's mouth?—Its tongue.

Contention and what belongs to a lamp—War-wick.

The sound of a single woman's voice—Maid's tone.

What weapon of war, beheaded, will name a fruit?—Spear.

What part of a ship, beheaded, will name a tree?—Helm.

### DOES YOUR CLOTHES FIT YOU?

The Favorite Tailors, 233 Monroe St., Chicago, will make to order a wool cassimere suit of clothes and send same to you to examine before you have to pay for same. See their advertisement on page 7.

### An Elephant's Teeth.

Whoever has looked inside an elephant's mouth has seen a strange sight. Elephants have no front teeth, and they never eat flesh, or any food that requires tearing apart. Eight teeth are all they have, two above and below on each side, huge yellow molars as wide as a man's hand, and about two inches thick. Over these hay or fodder is shifted by the queerest, ugliest tongue in the whole animal kingdom, a tongue that is literally hung at both ends, having no power or movement except in the middle, where it shifts back and forth from side to side, arching up against the roof of the big mouth like an immense wrinkled pink serpent.

There is nothing stranger than the working of an elephant's tongue, unless it be the working of his breathing apparatus when he sleeps. Elephants, like human beings, have two sets of teeth—the milk teeth, which are smaller than the permanent molars, fall out when the animals are about 14 years old. These baby teeth, which are, nevertheless, enormous, are occasionally picked up by circus men among the fodder and preserved as curiosities.

Russia's standing army, which comprises 800,000 men, is the largest in Europe.

**Last, but Not Least.**
Port Officer—What have you on board ship, captain.
Captain—Our cargo consists of 1,000 cases of oranges.
"Yes."
"One thousand cases of eggs."
"Yes."
"And three cases of smallpox."

AGENTS WANTED PAGE 7.

**I CURE FITS**
When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.
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# FROM OUT THE SHADOWS

By EMMA HOWARD WIGHT

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[Eva Marston and Mr. Butterford, of Tuskaloo, old schoolmates, meet near Mrs. Rutherford's home. Each has a young son. Mr. Marston's child being blind and family moulded, while Philip, the son of Mrs. Rutherford, is plainly developing. The two families become intimate, and Mrs. Rutherford's husband dies, leaving the boy in charge of Mr. Butterford, who is now dead, she had turned away from the man whom she had truly loved, and that he had killed himself. She dreads of little Philip also having the disinheritance for her sin. Sixteen years after the meeting between Eva Marston and Mrs. Rutherford, a grandchild of the latter, suffered a year and travelled with mother to Asia Minor, a beautiful woman dies, comes to live at the Oaks. Not far from the Oaks is a villa of Col. Comyn, his daughter Cora. Cora loves Richard Marston, son of Eva, grandson of Mrs. Rutherford. Richard Marston proposes to Lily Lillian, but she refuses him, telling him she has known for months of Cora's love for Philip. Philip takes his first drink of liquor. Mrs. Rutherford dies, and Philip's grandfather is found dead on the porch. Cora comes to live with Mrs. Rutherford. Philip goes to Chicago and forms the acquaintance of Nell Gray, a girl of questionable fame. Nell is lost. Two months later she is not found. Richard buys later Jack, then a midget, for his son, falls in love with Lillian Compton and asks Colonel Compton for Cora's hand in marriage. The colonel tells the that she is no relation to him—that she was but in his charge by an old woman.]

## CHAPTER XV

"You must be quick," I said, for I am going to take the fire car to Chicago." I nodded, her lips were trembling and she answered in a voice that I scarcely recognized away. The next moment she had disappeared in the sweet, fragrant air upon the child and spoke to it. Her head was bowed over my consulted and I seemed overcome with drowsiness. "What a fool I am," I thought, "to sleep at a time like this," and succeeded somehow in getting that sound like Belle or Nell."

Jack, who had been listening very intently, gave a slight start.

"She called me Nell?"

"The minutes passed and I began to grow restless. Suddenly my head was deranged words appeared me, and threw me back in my chair. I was in a cold sweat. On the table before me lay a piece of note brown wrapping paper, were written in pencil these words: "I shall not return; do not try to find me to kill me useless." You had better destroy this and forget that you ever saw it. Nell."

I stared my wits about to stand for the moment. Then the meaning dawned upon me; I took the child direct to the steamer, to my room. The steamer started three minutes after I arrived. The child went to sleep in my arms, and I sat down to think. I was in a fever of excitement and became very much attached to it.

"The child was with me when I reached Liverpool. It was some weeks before she was well enough to leave. Her sister Cora was found that everything previous to her illness was a blank to her. She could not even solve a fever. She had even forgotten her own name. I had to call her by some name, and she decided to adopt her. We called her Cora Compton and, perhaps, unwisely, brought her up in the belief that she was my niece."

"And you never discovered anything regarding her?" asked Jack, in an old voice, for he was deeply interested in the story.

"Nothing, until I received a letter from Mr. Butterford, but without any result. Number of time I went to Chicago for the woman who deserted her I do not know, and I inclined to believe that she was not, owing to the difference in their stations."

"The child's clothes—have you kept them?" asked Jack.

"I decided to retain a few articles. "Would you object to my seeing them?" asked Jack, who was deeply interested in the voice which entered the colonel to turn and regard the speaker with curiosity. "The young man's face was very pale. "I will get Belle's clothes," said the colonel.

He left the room and returned with a small box, containing an article of child about two years of age. Jack took them. He carried a dress white bandis. The he opened and cut open the hem of the skirt, and discovered underclothing, a white and blue ribbon, and a small shoe.

It was rather odd, but the child took a fancy to Jack, and he had to take it on the top of the shoe and kiss the little foot. Jack also carried upon the little shoe, and his face went very pale. He took the shoe again sewer their Nell, with spotted frock, fastened with a pearl button. Jack heard again a sweet baby voice saying, "Look, Jack, look at my shoe!" and he saw. Nell, the dear little sister he had lost, standing on the table in the room and the woman in the dress of the child. The expression of his life. He turned sick and faint and caught at the edge of the table.

Colonel Compton looked at him quickly.

"Why, my dear fellow, what is the matter?" he asked. "Are you unwell? Can I assist you?"

Jack took the shoe and held it in his hand. He was trembling from head to foot.

"Colonel Compton," he said, in an old, strained voice, "are you aware that between sixteen and seventeen years ago my little sister at the Oaks, Tuskaloo, disappeared very suddenly and mysteriously? Her name was Belle, and she was about the same age as the unfortunate one for whom you have been?"

"Why, no," said the colonel, beginning to look startled. "I never heard any thing of such a thing."

"Colonel Compton," said Jack, suddenly rising to his feet, "I am sorry to say that I believe that in Belle I have found my sister."

"Colonel Compton looked at young Compton, and, for a moment or so, was silent. Then he said, in a voice meant for aside, at length, feebly, "But that's a family resemblance. I have noticed it very much at that time."

"I am sorry to offer contradiction as to her identity," said Jack, speaking in a voice that still had a tremble in the sound, "but I cannot—I will not—be deceived. I remember Belle's shoe. That your description of the child is very like Nell at that age. And—and Belle's had unlike my mother."

"Jack, I am afraid proves to be your sister? What a strange and unfortunate coincidence!" exclaimed the colonel.

"It is certainly to be glad for the sake of my parents," said Jack with a wan sad. "but I cannot—yet."

Jack bent his fair head and kissed her, his face was calm and his eyes tearful, but he smiled as he turned and shook hands with the colonel.

"Miss Vivian said I was to bring you direct to her," said Jack. "Colonel Compton, I am very sorry to be added. "Come, I have a carriage."

## CHAPTER XVI.

A very pale little, with a pathetic look in her sweet eyes which made the colonel's heart yearn over her. She was very little in the pale blue gown which blended with the golden hair that curled over her head in a mass of confusion.

She was seated in a low chair in the window seat, her head resting against it, her lap to take their trembling. Colonel Compton, with his face very expressive of the floor, suddenly paused beside her and laid his hand gently upon her head. The little one gave to his face and her face flushed.

"Cora Compton," he said, "can you guess why I have brought you here?"

The little one looked at him wonderingly. You have been to see me, and that I have never felt the need of other friends," she said. "You have been so kind to me, and, clinging to the colonel, she added, "and dear papa."

"Cora, my dear child," he said, "I am afraid the colonel, desperately. "This gentleman has come here to see you. Your mother will be able to identify the clothes. You say that the child was left with you on the 19th of June in Jersey City. Nell was ten upon the 18th day of June.

He then proceeded to relate to the colonel all the particulars regarding Nell's disappearance.

"My father always believed that she was stolen and, keep rewards were offered for her return," concluded Jack.

"Cora, my dear," said the colonel, "this man, who did she beaten in get rid of you, has come to claim you. I have had not some motives in possessing herself of your person.

"She may have become frightened," said Jack.

"She was eyewitness to a little shoe, the sash was faded, but the tiny sole was scarcely soiled at all.

"It is quite evident that Nell did not leave the house willingly, or she would have left the shoe to hardly soiled at all. Colonel Compton, I am sorry to be added. "Come, I have a carriage."

At that moment a sweet, girlish bush was heard in the hall without. Jack recognized the shoe as though it turned him; his face whitened.

"Hilda, my poor Hilda," murmured the colonel, "I am afraid I am to blame."

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"

# IN THE LAND OF LAUGHTER.

## FIGURES DON'T LIE.

### Alphonse Diddleby Cooks Up Love's Account on Separate Sheets.

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

Alphonse Diddleby sat in his room. He was writing a letter to the star of his existence, Clara Plunkly, which star was at the time shining at the seaside. Alphonse longed to be at her side, but as he found many difficulty in accumulating the necessary four dollars per week with which to provide board and lodging for himself and lady, he rightly concluded that in time of panic the place for a business man was at his post. To be graced at his star through a telescope, if we may use the simile, is rather would be conveyed his love by means of lengthy epistles, burning with love.

Alphonse had just finished one, proofreading and found it a pretty tinctured with the aromatics of his affection.

Hence it was that like a flash of citronella lightning there came to him the idea of conveying his love in an arithmetical symbol. He smiled as he worked upon it, for he felt that Clara Plunkly would appreciate the wit and originality of the idea. And so, when completed, ran as follows:

"My Dearest Clara:—Sitting alone in this dreary room, in the city that is more than dreary since you have left it, my thoughts fall upon the future, from which, in truth, they are never absent. I mean your own future, dearest.

Probably feeling of my love I fail to comprehend how much you are worth to me, that I can never hope to express it, that I can never do. I have added it up, and I find that only can I state it in figures.

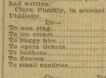
Clara Plunkly, in account with Alphonse Diddleby.

| | |
|---|---|
| To one ring | $10.00 |
| To one dream | 10.00 |
| To one long letter | 50.00 |
| To one kiss | 17.50 |
| To one caress | 8.50 |
| To flowers | 24.00 |
| To small sundries | 1.75 |
| Total | $121.75 |
| Cr. | |
| By 1 pr. slipper, No. 10 (I wear No. 9) | $ 9.00 |
| By 1 cabinet photograph | .25 |
| Total | $ 9.25 |

Balance due A. Diddleby, $112.50.

"Four months salary gone to grass," he said.

And down by the tossing ocean Clara said,



DOWN BY THE TOSSING OCEAN.

Plunkly seated her head against the cool sleeve of Ben Digga, and sighed a bonbon.

### Simply Soup.

"Wasn't there a topple in X, Y and Z, when the news of that wreck came in? Why, she fell off four points in as many minutes. And, say, I was right—"

The stock broker was interrupted by the voice of a dusky waiter, who dashed into the room.

"De young gemmen hab s-s-s-p-o-t-t-e-d me, so, ho! Let us skoot; we'se talking business."

The waiter glided away and in a moment the three men were talking shop with as much earnestness as the situation called for. It was being thoroughly sifted conversation when the waiter appeared with a steaming hot dinner, polished up and with a spasmodic start vanished.

"Yes, indeed; quite a surprise to me, sah," he answered, "I didn't s-s-s-p-o-t-t-e-d it when I'm trashbing! It's too joyful for words."

### A Fine Morning.

"The morning was indeed a fine one," affably remarked the man of that week's name to the night before for being about as fine as it could be. "Yes, indeed," again agreed the latter, "quite a fine morning—in fact, a fit fore morning."

### Right in His Line.

"Who was that fellow who was proclaiming so loudly that a man who would not tell a lie for a woman's sake was no gentleman?"

"Him? He's press agent for a soubrette."

"You needn't be frightened, sweetheart, he won't hurt you. See, he's scared to death already."

"Yes, I see, grandpa, but that isn't the end I'm afraid of."

### Too Joyful.

The New Orleans Times-Democrat says that a woman was killed and injured the other day in the twenty-traveling on a train. When the train started, the girl jumped, to be in a favor of excitement. The conductor, the plush seats of the car, the scenery from the window—everything was of absorbing interest. Then she opened her satchel, and, finding that food was offered her, refused it, and, finding that it was not offered her, accepted it, and, finding that it was offered her, but she still refused.

"What is the matter, Sallie?" asked her mistress. "Are you sick?"

The girl rolled up her eyes ecstatically.

"Oh, no, missus," she answered, "I ain't sick at all; it's only dat I'se t'ankin'ful! It's too joyful for words."

### Beatus at a Seance.

"Baxter Johnson attended a seance held by the Hootown Colored Spiritualistic society one evening not long since, and the next morning he expressed himself as follows: 'Dr' Jones done 'nuff ter convince an' hole a scotch wit de spectre. Well, we all sot down in a circle, an' de lights was put out so fur we sot down. Lawdy, how dem skitters chase cross me spare ribs an' me bery blood tuk a chill; didn't know what was comin'. Suffin' was movin' roun', but de Lawd knows it was none bin' frum.

"'Who I see dem spooks?' says I.

"'Dey is calls hes 'em,' he' hes' 'em,' 'em,' he.

"'Spooky suffin' boilers ma name.' 'Harlow Johnson,' says I.

"'Who is you?' 'Jeruloted I.

"'I'm de spirit of Bud Moore.'

"'Yo' is a liah, whoever you is, 'kase Bud didn't git ter' hebben. Dem suffin' he's got I know for sure.'

"'Dey is hebben at Mary' Cutter's,' says de spooker.

"'Don't hrefulate you is him,' I said, 'fo' yo' Bud was massorated at dat show.'

"'Now, how's Jasper? he git ter' hebben? Sadi he didn't' hebben fit. Peter he' chuckless fo' dey was in' hebbin'.'

"'Yo' is a liah, whoever you is, dis, an' how you git ter' I said.

"'Oh, I'm de dickeeper fur nigger hebben,' says he. 'I'm fit. Peter' gi' me de key. Dey put up heah, you rascel, long a 'Fo' de main hebben.'

"'You ain't so pow'ful, says I, 'an' mo', cuz you ain't in hebben, long a yo' voice. Git' late from de ceilin', you is.'

"'Dat's 'cuz I'm a spirit,' says he, 'an' nothin' fetched me cheerabbim. Screwdrop was in de room sheerbed. I jes' pull me suns an' shoot quite fastly' befo' I git' ter' fit punctuated' an' when de light was fetched from a preshious' room I was jes' ready to bangin' half-way down a trap fo' in de floor. Dey was a hole in de floor, an' I jes' pull me suns an' shoot quite fastly' befo' I git' ter' exstance' an' make me escape.'

"'That yo' coon' yarn must' ter' serve him right; he was so foolish. They's ter' de called folks what believes in spirits, but yo' cain't fool dis blackjack.'"

### Envied Himself.

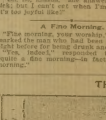
Judy—Ah, Dumley, you are strange to hear ye talkin' that way, when it was yerself that used to be talkin' the most about the shweetest creathure in the country—Mary Jones, I mane. Dumley—Mary Jones, Judy? Judy—Faith, an' ye did, Dumley.

Dumley—Beasers, an' of that's so, this is sorry proof of the condition of mind I've been in at the toime.—Richmond Dispatch.

### Good Timepiece.

Tough Customer—I'm sure much can I get on this gold watch?

Pawnbroker—Not a whisper!—My friend, if a policeman once you with that watch you can't get out two years. I will give you $7 on it.



Philanthropist—Poor fellow! You say your wife never comes to see you? That makes my blood boil.

Prisoner—Yes, it would make my blood freeze if she did, lady. I'm in here for wife-murder, yer know.—Judge.

### To the Front.

The call to the front was made, and Corporal Tim Kelly, who had been in the rear guard, was one of the first to respond. He was eager for the fray, and he was equally anxious to get there. He was equally anxious to get there.

"Now, Kelly, there are many things to be reckoned against going. The task seemed dangerous, and Corporal Tim, who had a wife dependent upon him for support, was not to be discouraged by the prospect of danger. He said, in fact, that he would rather go than stay. He was the quick response.—Rockland (Maine) Star.

### About Matrimony.

Daisherly—Montague isn't for a day, old boy; it's for a lifetime.

Montague—Then you got anything off for good behavior?

### Servant's Excuse.

We have always had a set of the Canadian mistress, who, with seven servants in her house, could never get a cook to stay. Subscribers for the latter, which is the shortest term of service in the whole country. "It is not my fault," she said, "I am very particular. Only last week I had to discharge a cook because I found her standing on the footmen to convey to the bakehouse. The last man declined to do it, and I had to put to his place, or rather as derogatory to his consequence. The lady then moved the question to the coachman, but found a still more objectionable person.

"Then the people of Bow, Mass., have resolved to take the ice to the shop herself. Accordingly, when the morning arrived I sent out the horses, and the other to mount and ride behind, and then the sledge was done with all honor and ceremony. Then in due course the coachman was ordered to put on a second time, and the footmen to mount behind. Then I myself got inside, and told the groom to take me to the ice-shop.

"Now," said the lady to the coachman, "you have kept your place, which is to drive; and you yours," to the footman, "which is wait; and I, you see, have to have my pie for dinner."—Washington Star.

### Still Going.

Mrs. Bingley—George, I've just put an advertisement in the paper for a girl.

Mr. Bingley—What? Where's Norah?

Mrs. Bingley—Oh, she left this morning without saying a word by way of notice.

Mr. Bingley—That's nice. I wonder what she's going to do?

Mrs. Bingley—Die of cut.—Cleveland Leader.

Now are pulped by what they do. Go to Hood's Sarsaparilla and by great cures bring further to the A great cures bring further to the A great cures bring further to the A